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BEST PARLOUR GAME OF THE SEASON: "DUMB CRAMBO."

See "Facts and Faces."

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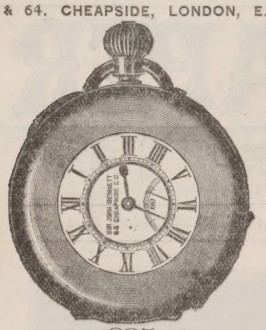

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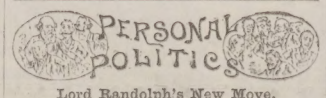
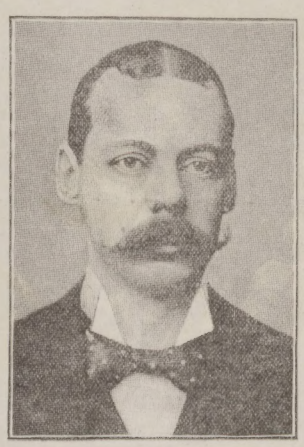
PRESS OPINION.
The *Daily Telegraph* of Nov. 16 says:—
"The special issue of *The Penny Illustrated Paper* is out early this season, and in an enlarged and improved form. It is rather rich this time in its literary contributions, including a burlesque romance by G. R. Sims, and stories by Archibald Forbes, Howard Paul, George Manville Fenn, Richard Henry, and several other writers. Mr. John Latey jun., the editor, writes a romantic and dramatic tale, entitled 'Little Sunbeam's Secret Marriage.' Among the artistic contributors are Maurice Greiffenhagen, F. Barnard, Harry Furniss, Hal Ludlow, and others. The presentation coloured plate is by Mr. C. Burton Barber, and is called 'How Like Grandma!'—the droll exclamation being that of a little girl who has tried the effect of grandma's cap on the head of her pet doggie, mounted on grandma's chair. Altogether the number is a good one."



Lord Randolph's New Move.

I SAID last week that Lord Randolph's declaration in favour of an Eight Hours Bill had fluttered the dovecotes of the Conservative Party. The fluttering has gone on apace since I wrote. The *Saturday Review*, the organ of the older Tories, has a furious tirade against Lord Randolph as a wanton disturber of the peace



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

of the Party. That, as I said, represents the prevailing opinion. But a small section, who are not so much advanced men as tacticians, think otherwise. "Why," they argue, "should not Lord Randolph be allowed to do what he pleases (on his own account, of course) to outbid the Liberal leaders and attract the working-class vote?" That that was Lord Randolph's idea no one who has any knowledge of his character can have any doubt. He saw the position created by Mr. Morley's uncompromising opposition to the Eight Hours movement, and the chance it gave to a Tory Democrat supposing that movement obtained anything like general acceptance among the independent and more advanced of the trade-unionists and the unattached working-men. Nor, speaking purely from a tactical point of view, am I at all sure that Lord Randolph is wrong. Of course, if the movement "fizzles out," we shall hear no more of the Randolphian manifesto. But, supposing it gains impetus as it goes, what more distracting diversion could be offered to the Liberal Party than the starting of a dozen Tory Democrats of the Randolph school, going for Local Government in Ireland and labour legislation in England? And supposing these men were backed—as I happen to know they will be backed—by the opinion of Lord Dunraven, the head of the Sweating Commission, that legislation on the hours question was unobjectionable and necessary? So, my Liberal friends, don't laugh at Lord Randolph—yet. And, my Tory readers, don't gnash your teeth at him—yet. He is a very clever young man, with all his failings; and he has a habit of watching the way the cat jumps.

Vice Stead.

So the *Pall Mall Gazette* is to lose Mr. Stead. I am not surprised—in fact, I heard the story many months ago. The actual differences between Mr. Stead and the proprietor, Mr. Yates Thompson, were not, perhaps, so acute as the permanent difficulty of reconciling two such opposite temperaments. Mr. Thompson is a quiet, moderate-minded man of the world, with a clever, handsome wife, who entertains a good deal, and keeps the *Pall Mall* in evidence in society. Mr. Stead is an enthusiast—a "crank," his enemies say—chock full of "notions," apt to fly off at any number of tangents, but withal the most meteor-like journalist of his generation—if he is given his head. I disagree with many of his opinions, but I like him personally, and admire his great gifts. His staff all adore him, and will regret his loss to a man. As a newspaper writer and editor, his great power consists in his ability to grasp a situation more quickly (and sometimes more rashly) than most other London journalists are able to grasp it, to make a few incisive points, and, by their vigour and "pegging away," to impress his own belief on the public. The interviews he has done—beginning with the famous talk with Gordon, which started the Soudan business!—the impetuosity and go and tumult of the man! He is never still. If you talk to him in a room, he makes you nervous by his restless pacings, his volcanic laughter, his rapid speech. He never seems to eat, drinks nothing, and timidly essays a cigarette. He will lunch in a railway-carriage, on his way to interview a "personality" or look up a big subject. His industry, his powers of rapid composition—dictation is his favourite method—his brilliant rhetorical style, have all made an abiding mark on London journalism. Of his new venture, the sixpenny *Review of Reviews*, it is impossible to say much at present. It will be very "Steady," full of personal colour and flavour, and, as the ex-editor of the *P.M.G.* is a born sub-editor, it ought to show some new wrinkles in the news departments.

The "Pall Mall's" New Editor.

Mr. Stead's successor, Mr. Cook, is physically the reverse of his old chief. A quiet-looking gentleman, youngish but tending to baldness, with clear-cut refined features, and rather reserved manners—there is Mr. E. T. Cook. That he is an accomplished writer and able journalist his long tenure of the assistant editorship, with occasional intervals of complete control and literary guidance, shows. He is an admirer of Ruskin, has written a standard guide to the National Gallery, is an authority on education, a very able speaker, does not go out much except to picture-shows, is married, writes an incisive leader, and has judgment and discretion. He will doubtless develop the literary side of the *Pall Mall*, which has undoubtedly fallen off of late years. The change takes effect next week.

Father and Son.

I see a letter in the papers from Mr. Robert Barrett Browning, Browning's only son, in reference to the poet's interment in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Browning's son was a Balliol man, who developed very rapidly into a promising sculptor and painter. He is not intellectually remarkable, and in this respect does not recall either his father or his mother, who were both passionately attached to him. Indeed, the father's delight when he found his son's pictures well hung at any of the great shows which he frequented was very charming to witness. I clearly remember the short sturdy figure and strong face with the ruddy glow and peaked beard as I saw them before a Grosvenor picture of the son's, a study of Joan of Arc bathing, full of talent and bearing the deep impress of the French school, from which Mr. Browning got much of his inspiration. The father's interest was touching to see. For himself he had really no vanity. He liked to have his best work intelligently praised, especially if the praise came from fair and gentle lips. But his chief pride and delight were in his artist-son, over his fast-ripening talent and successful career.

Tennyson

has the same characteristic of family affection and pride in the talents—and they are genuine—of his sons. But he has nothing of Browning's geniality. He has his favourites, who are welcome at his Isle of Wight abode, but who must put up with the host's eccentricities and little ways. Tennyson will sometimes smoke—and drink port—in silence for hours together, or will speak only in monosyllables. Mr. Irving has a very funny story to tell of one of these interviews. How different from the varied, genial expansive talk of Browning! And yet one wishes sometimes that there had been a little less of the society man about the author of "Paracelsus."

Dean Oakley.

Here are two vignettes. I see the Dean of Manchester has been taking a prominent part with Mr. Mather, the Liberal, and Sir William Houldsworth, the Conservative, in espousing the cause of the Manchester gas-stokers. Dean Oakley is, perhaps, the only Radical dean in the Church of England. Another man of the same stamp was the late Dean of Winchester. Dean Oakley is a disciple of Kingsley and Maurice, and would call himself, I think, a Socialist. He is a friend of the theatre and the music-hall—within limits—is an eloquent preacher, and is immensely popular in Manchester.

Mr. Michael Henry.

My second vignette is that of the leader of the coal porters' movement, Mr. Michael Henry. Mr. Henry is an Irishman, who hails from Lancashire. He has written novels and novelettes, speaks with great fluency, has been a commercial traveller, has a good address and appearance, is energetic and perhaps a trifle wilful, and has taken part in the Irish movement in earlier times.

What Statesmen Eat.

A correspondent asked me the other day what statesmen eat. Well, Mr. Gladstone eats everything with an appetite—except oysters, which he hates. Lord Salisbury is not strong, and diets rather carefully. So does Mr. Morley, who suffers rather severely from dyspepsia. Mr. Chamberlain is a bit of a Sybarite. Not so Sir Charles Dilke, who has Spartan tastes. Mr. Labouchere is a frugal man in all his habits—except cigarette-smoking. Mr. Bradlaugh used to live very plainly; of late he has cultivated a more generous diet. Lord Randolph is a martyr to nerves, and is often dieted. Mr. T. P. O'Connor drinks little or no wine, and has intervals of vegetarianism. There, will that do? I can go on at this rate for ever.

THE SCENE-SHIFTER.

FACTS AND FACES.

The Waterloo Panorama,

in Ashley-place, Victoria-street, Westminster, is a vast battle painting of remarkable interest, and probably conveys the clearest notion possible of the Duke of Wellington's great victory over Napoleon. Painted by the Chevalier P. Fleischer, this wonderfully realistic Panorama of Waterloo doubtless owes its origin to the singular success which has attended M. Philippoteaux's marvellous Panorama of Niagara, which is still open. Waterloo is bound to attract hosts of holiday people, and to repay Mr. Augustus Harris and his friends. To add to its interest, an exhibition of Waterloo and Wellington relics is being formed by Mr. S. Lee Bapty, who will be happy to receive contributions to the show.

"THE IRON DUKE."

Dumb Crambo.

I know of no better drawing-room game for young or old people at this festive time of the year than Dumb Crambo, or Charades simplified. He or she who invented this easy pastime, source of no end of fun and merriment, deserves to be regarded among our foremost benefactors. There is no form of amusement that equals self-amusement; and that Dumb Crambo is among the most entertaining of simple games may be easily shown, when, sides chosen, and the side that is out has to ask a word that rhymes (say) to "fair," mirth is aroused by the zest with which the most active performer will enact a "bear," resolve himself into the personification of "care," or a dapper dresser of "hair," or even suggest the British Lion in his "lair," and so on till the right word is hit upon. I have seen the glummiest curmudgeons, as well as the most jovial souls, primmest spinsters, gravest of matrons, and palest of "mashers" fairly shout with laughter at the droll pantomime of "Dumb Crambo"—a pantomime for every home; and I can with confidence recommend it as the surest cure for "the blues" at this dyspeptic season. Try it. One trial will suffice—if the performers are capable and in cue—as you may imagine from our excellent Illustration of "Dumb Crambo."

The Philothespians.

Mr. Irving was entertained at supper the other evening by the Philothespian Dramatic Club. The club includes Mr. Clement Scott and other well-known men among its members. Some, like Mr. Hayden Coffin and Mr. Beerbohm Tree, have gone from its ranks to win laurels on the stage; others remain behind to be a delight to a limited circle. Of these others I may mention Mr. Herbert Stacke, who writes the political leaders of the *Daily Telegraph*, and his brother, Mr. H. A. Stacke, of the Exchequer and Audit Department, who is acknowledged to be a particularly talented amateur actor. Mr. Irving made a long and humorous speech, and also gave a reading after supper. In his speech, he told how a lady of title had written threatening him with the forfeiture of aristocratic support in consequence of his bringing out so revolutionary a play as "The Dead Heart." But who, "gentle or common," would willingly abstain from one of Mr. Irving's impersonations?

A Learned Bishop.

Dean Milman once described himself as the "last learned man in the Church." Dr. Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham, who died on Saturday at Bournemouth, was a very emphatic contradiction of the statement. His learning was prodigious. There may have been greater classical scholars in our time—Dr. Thompson, of Trinity, for example—but there has been no prelate who so combined classical learning with a familiarity with the best work of foreign nations, and particularly of the German. Few will think that his answer to Mr. Cassells, the author of "Supernatural Religion," was conclusive; but it was marvellous in its minute scholarship. The Bishop has written many exegetical works, his commentary on the "Galatians" being the best known; and he was appointed to the See of Durham by Lord Beaconsfield in 1879. His great scholarship is not likely to be repeated among the Anglican clergy. The most popular prelates of our day, such as Bishop Carpenter and Archdeacon Farrar, are rhetoricians, but very poor scholars. Their eloquence and their winning presence captivate everywhere; whereas Dr. Lightfoot's heavy, unintellectual face and monotonous voice were not calculated to attract in the pulpit. Nevertheless, in Dr. Lightfoot we have lost the greatest scholar of our day.

Our Christmas Programme.

Wherever as holiday makers we go,
North, East, South, and West, from Mile-end to Soho,
We find London can give us a prettier show
Than Berlin, Vienna, or Paris.
At Old Drury, perchance, we may choose to begin
With "Jack and the Beanstalk" to wonder and grin;
For the eye and the ear will be gratified in
The wondrous production of Harris.

The Britannia's "Bad Baron" will please not a few;
The Royalty gives Arthur Roberts a new
Burlesque of "La Tosca"; the Gaiety, too,
With Miss Farren's bright fun will not irk us:
Or we trip round the Globe to be lost in a dream
Of midsummer, though it still wintry may seem:
Or behold the equestrian lion—the cream
Of the "Garden's" magnificent circus.

The Adelphi in "Day by Day"—and night—
Supplies us a drama attractive and bright;
The Alhambra and Empire vast numbers delight
With waltz, saraband, tarantella;
Some a journey to the Pavilion will take,
With Whittington's Cat acquaintance to make:
Minnie Palmer will take "Her Majesty's" cake
As a sweet Minnie-ture Cinderella.

The Haymarket "Man's Shadow" and Lyceum
"Dead Heart"
Will please us by finished and exquisite art;
Twenty shows crammed in one by Barnum will start,
And ample delight may be had in
Sims and Pettitt's new piece, at the Princess's seen,
And enjoyment in many a beautiful scene
At the Crystal Palace, when rises serene
The Flying Abode of Aladdin.

The Lyric delights with "The Red Hussar,"
And the wisdom of Solomon in each bar
Of the music, and a Tempest-uous star.
But those playgoers who do not crave a new
Burlesque, but are pleased with one that is old,
Will enjoy "The Field of the Cloth of Gold,"
Which gold to the treasury brings, we are told,
As the Christmas fare of the Avenue.

The Savoy is gay with "The Gondoliers":
At the Shaftesbury Willard again appears;
And a pleasant mixture of smiles and tears
Is "Sweet Lavender"—take a ticket.
At the Elephant many a girl and boy
Will "Cinderella" again enjoy;
And do not forget "Lord Fauntleroy,"
Or Toole in Dickens's "Cricket."

"Our Flat" at the Strand still merrily plays,
And upon "Joseph's Sweetheart" 'tis pleasant to gaze;
"The Wonderful Lamp," with electrical rays,
Is hitting a crowd at the Grand hard.
At the Marylebone Theatre, also, they tell
Aladdin's story remarkably well;
And "Sinbad" exerts a magical spell
O'er the visitors to the Standard.

"Paul Jones" still runs as in seasons past,
And the Novelty finds something novel at last:
Ere "Caste" is withdrawn, and its excellent cast,
Swift to the Criterion hurry.
Mrs. Beere in "La Tosca" is nightly cheered:
No gayer piece than "Aunt Jack" has appeared;
And no single cat-astrophe need be feared
In "Whittington" at the Surrey.

Theatrical Fees.

The theatrical fee system dies hard, and a notice recently issued at a theatre where the fee system used to be most vexatious reminds me of an amusing rebuke once given at this particular establishment by one of the most genial of dramatic critics. It was hot weather, and he had gone from his club in evening dress without an overcoat. But, passing in with others, a pert young damsel clamoured, as usual, for his overcoat. My friend has a pretty wit of his own, and instantly pulled off his dress coat and handed it to the young lady, sitting down in his shirt-sleeves in the nearest stall. Confused and speechless, the girl held the coat for a moment, when the laughing critic inquired, "Do you want anything else?" whereupon his dress coat was handed back. Even this amusing incident did not cure the harpies, for another friend of mine paid eighteenpence for an overcoat, hat, and umbrella one stormy night. They charged him sixpence for each article. Mr. John Hollingshead was the first to abolish these obnoxious fees. I wish every manager would follow his example.

The "Entr'acte" Annual,

brighter than ever with Mr. Alfred Bryan's clever lifelike caricatures of theatrical and music-hall celebrities, comes opportunely to remind one how strenuously, through good and evil report, Mr. William H. Combes has advocated the rational improvement of the tone of our Variety theatres. Had the friendly advice given year after year by Mr. Combes in the merry and wise little *Entr'acte* been acted upon, Mr. McDougall wouldn't have had a leg to stand upon in his attack upon the music-halls, which furnish the favourite staple of amusement to considerable sections of the public.

The London Picture Galleries

are pleasant retreats to drop into when your eyes are dazed with a superabundance of pantomime glitter. The Royal Institute in Piccadilly and the British Artists' Exhibition in Suffolk-street contain many reposeful pictures it is a delight to gaze upon; and presently there will be the Tudor Exhibition to draw us to the New Gallery. Perhaps the greatest fund of amusement is to be found in the capital collection of Caricatures and Humorous Pictures in the bright and pretty Victoria Gallery, Regent-street, particularly rich in Gillrays and Rowlandsons, in Cruikshanks and Baxters (original drawings of "Ally Sloper"), in Pilotell's and Price's cartoons, and in some interesting plates by Thackeray and Sala. The Victoria would make a charming gallery for a Christmas *conversazione*.

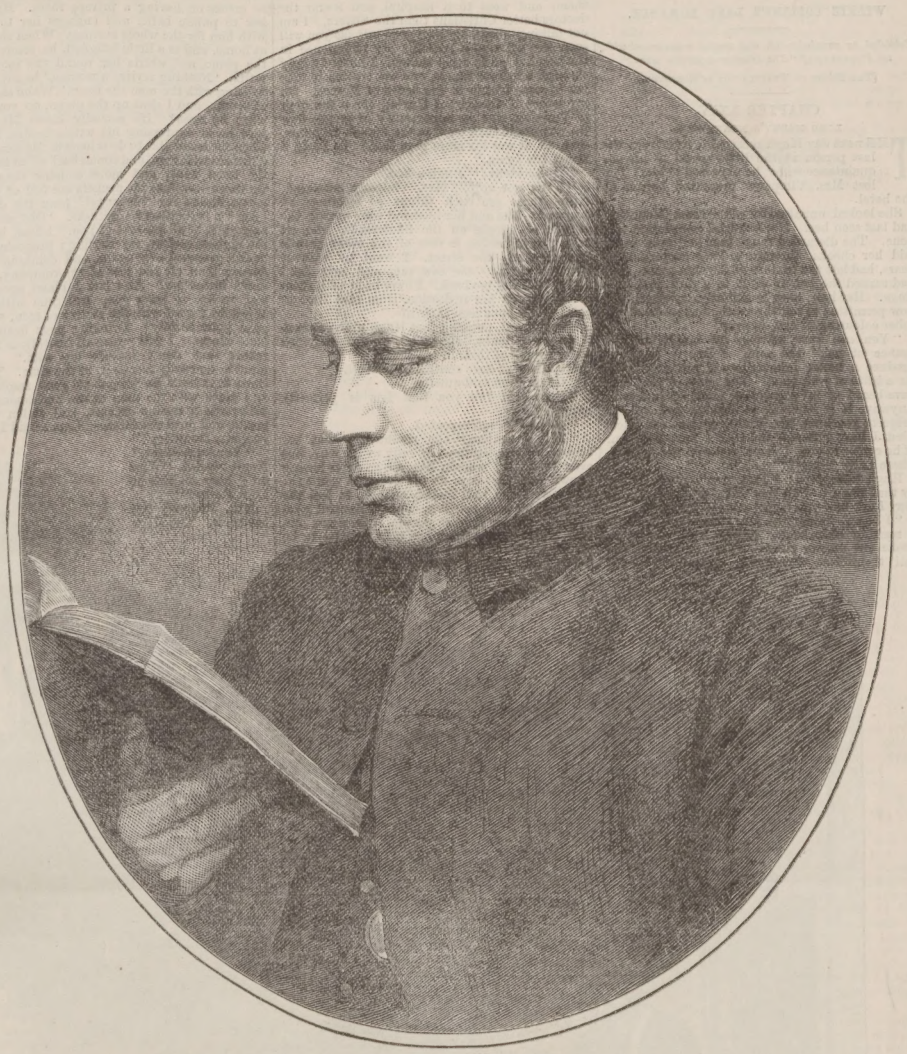
Dr. W. C. Bennett favours me with a smart epigram not altogether inappropriate to Christmas week:—

What is the reform of the future,
Without which all other is vanity?
It is the conversion, I take it,
Of Christians to Christianity.

THE PROMPTER.

To Athletes. — Cadbury's Cocoa is absolutely pure, and contains, in a concentrated form, admirable nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, strength, and staying power.—[Advt.]

Fits.—Epilepsy or Falling Sickness.—If you want to be permanently and speedily cured of this distressing complaint, write to the Secretary, Burwood House, Burwood-place, Hyde Park, London, and he will send you "Gratis" full instructions for cure, and advice on diet.—[Advt.]



THE LATE RIGHT REV. DR. LIGHTFOOT, THE ILLUSTRIOUS BISHOP OF DURHAM.

THE LATE DR. LIGHTFOOT.

The Church of England and the Christian world generally have experienced a great loss by the sudden death of the Bishop of Durham, who died at Bournemouth, from congestion of the lungs, on Saturday afternoon last. The Right Rev. Joseph Barber Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., was born in 1828. He had a distinguished career at Cambridge—at Trinity College. Here, in 1848, he secured a scholarship. Three years later he graduated B.A., as a Wrangler, Senior Classic, and Chancellor's Medallist. In 1852 Dr. Lightfoot was elected to a fellowship in his college, and in the following year he became Norrisian University Prizeman, and took his Master's degree.

A year later Dr. Prince Lee, the late Bishop of Manchester, ordained him as a deacon, and admitted him to priest's orders in 1858. The list of Dr. Lightfoot's subsequent appointments is a long one. He was appointed tutor of Trinity College in 1857; select preacher at Cambridge for the next and following years; chaplain to the late Prince Consort in 1861; honorary chaplain-in-ordinary to the Queen in 1862; Hulsean professor of divinity in the University of Cambridge and examining chaplain to the Bishop of London in 1861; doctor of divinity in 1864; Whitehall preacher two years later; examining chaplain to Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1868; canon residentiary of St. Paul's Cathedral in 1871; Honorary Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, in the following year; select preacher at Oxford, 1874-5; one of the Deputy Clerks of the Closet to her Majesty; and Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge in 1875.

In January 1879 Dr. Lightfoot was nominated by the Crown, on the recommendation of the Earl of Beaconsfield, to be Bishop of Durham. Dr. Lightfoot was a great Biblical student, and did good literary work. He published a revised text of Paul's Epistle to the Galatians, with introduction, notes, and dissertations, a work which ran into several editions; a similar book concerning the Apostle's letters to the Philippians, which met with equal success; and a revised text, with notes, &c., on the two Epistles to the Corinthians — Clement of Rome (with, subsequently, an appendix).

Dr. Lightfoot was also the author of a volume entitled "On a Fresh Revision of the English New Testament," published in 1871; of a revised text, with notes, &c., of Paul's writings to the Colossians and to Philemon; and of "The Apostolic Fathers"—Ignatius and Polycarp. The deceased Bishop edited the late Dean Mansell's treatise on "The Gnostic Heresies of the First and Second Centuries," and was a contributor to the *Journal of Philosophy*, to Dr. Smith's well-known Dictionaries of the Bible and of Christian Antiquities, and to the *Contemporary Review*.

Canon Liddon, preaching at St. Paul's Cathedral, last Sunday afternoon, for the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, referred to the death of the Bishop of Durham. The loss, he said, was not merely to the English Church, but to Christendom.

MR. HENRY CHAPLIN, M.P.,
MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE.
Sketched from life.

The Brain and Nervous System.—In order to prevent or cure the many distressing ailments resulting from overwork, worry, &c., everybody should wear one of Harness' Electropathic Belts. Sufferers declare that they positively "act like magic." Pamphlet and copies of testimonials free. Sufferers should call and avail themselves of a free consultation at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford-street, London, W. (corner of Rathbone-place). These Belts are guaranteed genuine.—[Advt.]

BLIND LOVE.

WILKIE COLLINS'S LAST ROMANCE.

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CHAPTER XXIV.

LORD HARRY'S HONEYMOON.

THE next day Hugh received a visit from the last person in the little world of his acquaintance whom he expected to see. The lost Mrs. Vimpany presented herself at the hotel.

She looked unnaturally older since Mountjoy had last seen her. Her artificial complexion was gone. The discarded rouge that had once overlaid her cheeks, through a long succession of years, had left the texture of the skin coarse, and had turned the colour of it to a dull yellowish tinge. Her hair, once so skilfully darkened, was now permitted to tell the truth, and revealed the sober colouring of age, in gray.

"You can have no very favourable remembrance of me," she said. "But I hope to produce a better impression—if you can spare me a little of your time. You may, or may not, have heard of my separation from my husband. Anyway, it is needless to trouble you on the subject; you know Mr. Vimpany; you can guess what I have suffered, and why I have left him. If he comes to you, I hope you will not tell him where Lady Harry is"——

Hugh interposed: "Pray don't speak of her by that name! Call her 'Iris,' as I do. . . . May I ask how you began your new life?"

"I began unhappily, Mr. Mountjoy—I joined a nursing Sisterhood. Before long, a dispute broke out among them. Think of women who call themselves Christians, quarrelling about churches and church services—priests' vestments and attitudes, and candles and incense! I left them, and went to a hospital, and found the doctors better Christians than the Sisters. I am not talking about my own poor self (as you will soon see) without a reason. My experience in the hospital led to other things. I nursed a lady through a tedious illness, and was trusted to take her to some friends in the south of France. On my return, I thought of staying for a few days in Paris—it was an opportunity of seeing how the nurses did their work in the French hospitals. And, oh, it was far more than that! In Paris, I found Iris again."

"By accident?" Hugh asked.

"I am not sure," Mrs. Vimpany answered, "that there are such things as meetings by accident. She and her husband were among the crowds of people on the Boulevards, who sit taking their coffee in view of the other crowds passing along the street. I went by without noticing them. *She* saw me, and sent Lord Harry to bring me back. I have been with them every day, at her invitation, from that time to this; and I have seen their life."

She stopped, noticing that Hugh grew restless.

"I am in doubt," she said, "whether you wish to hear more of their life in Paris."

Mountjoy at once controlled himself.

"Go on," he said quietly.

"Even if I tell you that Iris is perfectly happy?"

"Go on," Hugh repeated.

"May I confess," she resumed, "that her husband is irresistible—not only to his wife, but even to an old woman like me? After having known him for years at his worst, as well as at his best, I am still foolish enough to feel the charm of his high spirits and his delightful good humour. Sober English people, if they saw him now, would almost think him a fit subject to be placed under restraint. One of his wild Irish ideas of expressing devotion to his wife is, that they shall forget they are married, and live the lives of lovers. When they dine at a restaurant, he insists on having a private room. He takes her to public balls, and engages her to dance with him for the whole evening. When she stays at home, and is a little fatigued, he sends me to the piano, and whirls her round the room in a waltz. 'Nothing revives a woman,' he says, 'like dancing with the man she loves.' When she is out of breath, and I shut up the piano, do you know what he does? He actually kisses Me—and says he is expressing his wife's feeling for me when she is not able to do it herself. He sometimes dines out with men, and comes back all on fire with the good wine, and more amiable than ever. On these occasions his pockets are full of sweetmeats, stolen for 'his angel' from the dessert. 'Am I a little tipsy?' he asks. 'Oh! don't be angry; it 's all for love of you. I have been in the highest society, my darling; proposing your health over and over again, and drinking to you deeper than all the rest of the company. You don't blame me? Ah! but I blame myself. I was wrong to leave you, and dine with men. What do I want with the society of men, when I have your society? Drinking your health is a lame excuse. I will refuse all invitations for the future that don't include my wife.' And—mind!—he really means it, at the time. Two or three days later he forgets his good resolutions, and dines with the men again, and comes home with more charming excuses, and stolen sweetmeats, and good resolutions. I am afraid I weary you, Mr. Mountjoy?"

"You surprise me," Hugh replied. "Why do I hear all this of Lord Harry?"

Mrs. Vimpany left her chair. The stage directions of other days had accustomed her to rise when the character she played had anything serious to say. Her own character still felt the animating influence of dramatic habit: she rose now, and laid her hand impressively on Mountjoy's shoulder.

"I have not thoughtlessly tried your patience," she said. "Now that I am away from the influence of Lord Harry, I can recall my former experience of him; and I am afraid I can see the end that is coming. He will drift into bad company; he will listen to bad advice; and he will do things in the future which he might shrink from doing now. When that time comes, I fear him! I fear him!"

"When that time comes," Hugh repeated, "if I have any influence left over his wife, he shall find her capable of protecting herself. Will you give me her address in Paris?"

"Willingly—if you will promise not to go to her till she really needs you?"

"Who is to decide when she needs me?"

"I am to decide," Mrs. Vimpany answered: "Iris writes to me confidentially. If anything happens which she may be unwilling to trust to a letter, I believe I shall hear it from her maid."

"Are you sure the maid is to be relied on?" Mountjoy interposed.

"She is a silent creature, so far as I know anything of her," Mrs. Vimpany admitted: "and her manner doesn't invite confidence. But I have spoken with Fanny Mere; I am satisfied that she is true to her mistress and grateful to her mistress

"She saw me, and sent Lord Harry to bring me back."

in her own strange way. If Iris is in any danger, I shall not be left in ignorance of it. Does this incline you to consult with me before you decide on going to Paris? Don't stand on ceremony; say honestly, Yes or No."

Honestly, Hugh said Yes.

He was at once trusted with the address of Iris. At the same time, Mrs. Vimpany undertook that he should know what news she received from Paris as soon as she knew it herself. On that understanding they parted, for the time being.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE DOCTOR IN DIFFICULTIES.

Slowly the weeks passed. Strictly Mrs. Vimpany kept her promise.

When the latest news from Paris came, in due course, Mountjoy was informed of it by a note from Mrs. Vimpany, expressed in these terms:—

"My last letter from Iris is really no letter at all. It simply encloses a circular, with her love, and asks me to send it on to you. If it is in your power to make inquiries in the right quarter, I am sure you will not hesitate to take the trouble. There can be little doubt, as I think, that Lord Harry is engaged in a hazardous speculation, more deeply than his wife is willing to acknowledge."

The circular announced the contemplated publication of a weekly newspaper, printed partly in English and partly in French, having its chief office in Paris, and being intended to dispute the advantages of a European circulation with the well-known Continental journal called *Galignani's Messenger*. A first list of contributors included names of some notoriety in the literature of England and the literature of France. Speculators who wished to know, in the first place, on what security they might reckon, were referred to the managing committee, represented by persons of importance in the financial worlds of London and Paris.

Being in a position to make the inquiries which Mrs. Vimpany had suggested, Hugh received information which verified the statements contained in the circular, and vouched for the good faith of those persons who were concerned in directing the speculation. So far, so good.

But, when the question of success was next discussed, the authorities consulted shook their wise heads. It was impossible to say what losses might not be suffered, and what sums of money might not be required, before the circulation of the new journal would justify the hope of success. This opinion Hugh communicated to Mrs. Vimpany; Iris was informed of it by that day's post.

A longer time than usual elapsed before any further news of Lord Harry and his wife was received by Mountjoy. When he did at last hear again from Mrs. Vimpany, she forwarded a letter from Iris dated from a new address, in the suburb of Paris called Passy.

From motives of economy (Iris wrote) her husband had decided on a change of residence. They were just established in their new abode, with the advantages of a saving in rent, a pretty little garden to cultivate, and purer air to breathe than the air of Paris. There the letter ended, without the slightest allusion to the forthcoming newspaper, or to the opinion that had been pronounced on the prospects of success.

In forwarding this letter, Mrs. Vimpany wrote on the blank page as follows: "I am sorry to add that some disquieting news of my husband has reached me. For the present, I will say no more. It is at least possible that the report may not be worthy of belief."

A few days later the report was confirmed, under circumstances which had certainly not been foreseen. Mr. Vimpany himself arrived at the hotel, on a visit to Mountjoy.

Always more or less superior to the amiable weakness of modesty, the doctor seemed to have risen higher than ever in his own estimation, since Hugh had last seen him. He strutted; he stared confidently at persons and things; authority was in his voice when he spoke, and lofty indulgence distinguished his manner when he listened.

"How are you?" he cried with a grand gaiety, as he entered the room. "Fine weather, isn't it, for the time of year? You don't look well. I wonder whether you notice any change in Me?"

"You seem to be in good spirits," Hugh replied, not very cordially.

"Do I carry my head high?" Mr. Vimpany went on. "When calamity strikes at a man, don't let him cringe and cry for pity—let him hit back again! Those are my principles. Look at me. Now do look at me. Here I am, a cultivated person, a member of an honourable profession, a man of art and accomplishment—stripped of every blessed thing belonging to me but the clothes I stand up in. Give me your hand, Mountjoy. It's the hand, sir, of a bankrupt."

"You don't seem to mind it much," Mountjoy remarked.

"Why should I mind it?" asked the doctor. "There isn't a medical man in England who has less reason to reproach himself than I have. Have I wasted money in rash speculations? Not a farthing. Have I been fool enough to bet at horse-races? My worst enemy daren't say it of me. What have I done, then? I have toiled after virtue—that's what I have done. Oh, there's nothing to laugh at! When a doctor tries to be the medical friend of humanity; when he only asks leave to cure disease, to soothe pain, to preserve life—isn't that virtue? And what is my reward? I sit at home, waiting for my suffering fellow-creatures; and the only fellow-creatures who come to me are too poor to pay. I have gone my rounds, calling on the rich patients whom I bought when I bought the practice. Not one of them wanted me. Men, women, and children were all inexcusably healthy—devil take them! Is it wonderful if a man becomes bankrupt in such a situation as mine? By Jupiter, I go further than that! I say, a man owes it to himself (as a protest against undeserved neglect) to become a bankrupt. If you will allow me, I'll take a chair."

He sat down with an air of impudent independence, and looked round the room. A little cabinet, containing liqueurs, stood open on the sideboard. Mr. Vimpany got up again. "May I take a friendly liberty?" he said—and helped himself, without waiting for permission.

Hugh bore with this, mindful of the mistake that he had committed in consenting to receive the doctor. At the same time, he was sufficiently irritated to take a friendly liberty on his side. He crossed the room to the sideboard, and locked up the liqueurs. Mr. Vimpany's brazen face flushed deeply (not with shame): he opened his lips to say something worthy of himself, controlled the impulse, and burst into a boisterous laugh. He had evidently some favour still to ask.

"Devilish good!" he broke out cheerfully. "Do you remember the landlady's claret? Ha! you don't want to tempt me this time. Well! well! to return to my bankruptcy."

Hugh had heard enough of his visitor's bankruptcy. "I am not one of your creditors," he said.

Mr. Vimpany made a smart reply: "Don't you be too sure of that. Wait a little."

"Do you mean," Mountjoy asked, "that you have come here to borrow money of me?"

"Time—give me time," the doctor pleaded; "this is not a matter to be dispatched in a hurry; this is a matter of business. You will hardly believe it," he resumed, "but I have actually been in my present position, once before." He looked towards the cabinet of liqueurs. "If I had the key," he said, "I should like to try a drop more of your good Curaçoa. You don't see it?"

"I am waiting to hear what your business is," Hugh replied.

Mr. Vimpany's pliable temper submitted with perfect amiability. "Quite right," he said; "let us return to business. I am a man who possesses great fertility of resource. On the last occasion when my creditors pounced on my property, do you think I was discouraged? Nothing of the sort! My regular medical practice had broken down under me. Very well—I tried my luck as a quack. In plain English, I invented a patent medicine. The one thing wanting was money enough to advertise it. False friends buttoned up their pockets. You see?"

"Oh, yes; I see. But I also decline lending you the money."

"No, no, Mountjoy! You can't really mean that?"

"I do mean it."

"No!"

"Yes!"

The doctor's face showed a sudden change of expression—a sinister and threatening change. "Don't drive me into a corner," he said. "Think of it again."

Hugh's capacity for controlling himself gave way at last.

"Do you presume to threaten me?" he said. "Understand, if you please, that my mind is made up, and that nothing you can say or do will alter it."

With that declaration he rose from his chair, and waited for Mr. Vimpany's departure.

The doctor put on his hat. His eyes rested on Hugh, with a look of diabolical malice: "The time is not far off, Mr. Mountjoy, when you may be sorry you refused me." He said those words deliberately—and took his leave.

Released from the man's presence, Hugh found himself strangely associating the interests of Iris with the language—otherwise beneath notice—which Mr. Vimpany had used on leaving the room.

In desperate straits for want of money, how would the audacious bankrupt next attempt to fill his empty purse? If he had, by any chance, renewed his relations with his Irish friend—and such an event was at least possible—his next experiment in the art of raising a loan might take him to Paris. Lord Harry had already ventured on a speculation which called for an immediate outlay of money, and which was only expected to put a profit into his pocket at some future period. In the meanwhile, his resources in money had their limits; and his current expenses would make imperative demands on an ill-filled purse. If the temptation to fail in his resolution to respect his wife's fortune was already trying his fortitude, what better excuse could be offered for yielding than the necessities of an old friend in a state of pecuniary distress?

Looking at the position of Iris, and at the complications which threatened it, from this point of view, Mountjoy left the hotel to consult with Mrs. Vimpany. It rested with her to decide whether the circumstances justified his departure for Paris.

CHAPTER XXVI.

LONDON AND PARIS.

Informed of all that Hugh could tell her relating to his interview with her husband, Mrs. Vimpany understood and appreciated his fears for the future. She failed, however, to agree with him that he would do well to take the journey to France, under present circumstances.

"Wait a little longer in London," she said. "If Iris doesn't write to me in the next few days there will be a reason for her silence; and in that case (as I have already told you) I shall hear from Fanny Mere. You shall see me when I get a letter from Paris."

On the last morning in the week, Mrs. Vimpany was announced. The letter that she brought with her had been written by Fanny Mere. With the pen in her hand, the maid's remarkable character expressed itself as strongly as ever:—

"Madam,—I said I would let you know what goes on here, when I thought there was need of it. There seems to be need now. Mr. Vimpany came to us yesterday. He has the spare bedroom. My mistress says nothing, and writes nothing. For that reason, I send you the present writing.—Your humble servant, F."

Mountjoy was perplexed by this letter, plain as it was.

"It seems strange," he said, "that Iris herself has not written to you. She has never hitherto concealed her opinion of Mr. Vimpany."

"She is concealing it now," Mr. Vimpany's wife replied gravely.

"Do you know why?"

"I am afraid I do. Iris will not hesitate at any sacrifice of herself to please Lord Harry. She will give him her money when he wants it. If he tells her to alter her opinion of my husband, she will obey him. He can shake her confidence in me, whenever he pleases; and he has very likely done it already."

"Surely it is time for me to go to her now?" Hugh said.

"Full time," Mrs. Vimpany admitted—"if you can feel sure of yourself. In the interests of Iris can you undertake to be cool and careful?"

"In the interests of Iris, I can undertake anything."

"One word more," Mrs. Vimpany continued, "before you take your departure. No matter whether appearances are for him, or against him, be always on your guard with my husband. Let me hear from you while you are away; and don't forget that there is an obstacle between you and Iris, which will put even your patience and devotion to a hard trial."

"You mean her husband?"

"I do."

There was no more to be said. Hugh set forth on his journey to Paris.

* * * * *

On the morning after his arrival in the French capital, Mountjoy had two alternatives to consider. He might either write to Iris, and ask when it would be convenient to her to receive him—or he might present himself unexpectedly in the cottage at Passy. Reflection convinced him that his best chance of placing an obstacle in the way of deception would be to adopt the second alternative, and to take Lord Harry and the doctor by surprise.

He went to Passy. When he rang the bell, the gate was opened by Fanny Mere. She looked at him in grave astonishment.

"Do they expect you?" she asked.

"Never mind that," Hugh answered. "Are they at home?"

"They have just finished breakfast, sir."

"Do you remember my name?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then show me in."

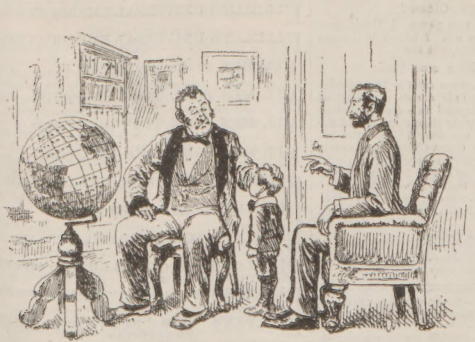
Fanny opened the door of a room on the ground floor, and announced: "Mr. Mountjoy."

The two men were smoking; Iris was watering some flowers in the window. Her colour instantly faded when Hugh entered the room. In doubt and alarm, her eyes questioned Lord Harry. He was in his sweetest state of good-humour. Urged by the genial impulse of the moment, he set the example of a cordial reception. "This is an agreeable surprise, indeed," he said, shaking hands with Mountjoy in his easy, amiable way. "It's kind of you to come and see us." Relieved of anxiety (evidently when she had not expected it), Iris eagerly followed her husband's example; her face recovered its colour, and brightened with its prettiest smile. Mr. Vimpany stood in a corner; his cigar went out; his own wife would hardly have known him again—he actually presented an appearance of embarrassment! Lord Harry burst out laughing: "Look at him, Iris! The doctor is shy for the first time in his life." The Irish good-humour was irresistible. The young wife merrily echoed her husband's laugh. Mr. Vimpany, observing the friendly reception offered to Hugh, felt the necessity of adapting himself to circumstances. He came out of his corner with an apology: "Sorry I misbehaved myself, Mr. Mountjoy, when I called on you in London. Shake hands. No offence—eh?" Iris, in feverish high spirits, mimicked the doctor's coarse tones when he repeated his favourite form of excuse. Lord Harry clapped his hands, delighted with his wife's clever raillery: "Ha! Mr. Mountjoy, you don't find that her married life has affected her spirits! May I hope that you have come here to breakfast? The table is ready, as you see"——"And I have been taking lessons, Hugh, in French ways of cooking eggs," Iris added; "pray let me show you what I can do." The doctor chimed in facetiously: "I'm Lady Harry's medical referee; you'll find her French delicacies half digested for you, sir, before you can open your mouth: signed, Clarence Vimpany, member of the College of Surgeons." Remembering Mrs. Vimpany's caution, Hugh concealed his distrust of this outbreak of hospitable gaiety, and made his excuses. Lord Harry followed, with more excuses, on his part. He deplored it—but he was obliged to go out. Had Mr. Mountjoy met with the new paper which was to beat *Galignani* out of the field? *The Continental Herald*—there was the title. "Forty thousand copies of the first number have just flown all over Europe; we have our agencies in every town of importance, at every point of the compass; and one of the great proprietors, my dear sir, is the humble individual who now addresses you." His bright eyes sparkled with boyish pleasure, as he made that announcement of his own importance. If Mr. Mountjoy would kindly excuse him, he had an appointment at the office that morning. "Get your hat, Vimpany. The fact is, our friend here carries a case of consumption in his pocket; consumption of the purse, you understand. I am going to enroll him among the contributors to the newspaper. A series of articles (between ourselves) exposing the humbug of physicians, and asserting with fine satirical emphasis the overstocked state of the medical profession. Ah, well! you'll be glad (won't you?) to talk over old times with Iris. My angel, show our good friend the *Continental Herald*, and mind you keep him here till we get back. Doctor, look alive! Mr. Mountjoy, au revoir." They shook hands again heartily. As Mrs. Vimpany had confessed, there was no resisting the Irish lord.

But Hugh's strange experience of that morning was not at an end yet.

(To be continued.)

IN THE LAND OF LOCAL OPTION.



VISITOR.—"That's a fine globe you have there."
HOST.—"Yes, geography has always been my favourite study. Clinton, you may run out and play a while."

HOST.—"Say when, old boy!"

FUN AND FANCY.

THE NORTH POLE.

SCHOOL Board visitor, while examining a scholar—"Where is the North Pole?" "I don't know, sir." "Don't you? Are you not ashamed that you don't know where the North Pole is?" "Why, sir, if Sir John Franklin and Dr. Kane and Markham couldn't find it, how should I know where it is?"

"ANOTHER MAN."

WHENEVER Boggs came home at night
Appearing worse for wear,
He told his wife that he got "tight"
Because it banished care.
Said he, "My darling Mary Ann,
It makes me quite another man."

One night the door was tightly locked,
And, though he raised a din,
As loud he called and louder knocked,
She would not let him in.
"A faithful wife," said Mary Ann,
"Cannot admit another man."

A MAN-OF-WAR COLLIDED

with a brig the other day, and, contrary to all precedent, escaped without injury. It may be that they have stopped building British war vessels out of jujube paste and corset ribs.

HOW THE WORLD WAGS

The Marquis of Salisbury has risen with the occasion. The Prime Minister has firmly brought Portugal to book for the outrageous conduct of Major Serpa Pinto in the east of Africa, where he has pulled down the British flag. Her Majesty's cruisers Raleigh, Cumçon, and Brisk were also ordered to proceed forthwith to Delagoa Bay from Cape Town. Apropos of the unpleasantness with the Portuguese in this part of the world, we give an Engraving of some interest at this juncture—viz. a view of H.M.S. Stork entering the Chinde River from the Zambesi. The Admiralty surveying vessel Stork, under Commander T. F. Pullen, R.N., discovered this new navigable channel for sea-going ships last summer,

Palace from Osborne on Monday, Feb. 10, and, after the ceremony of Tuesday, the 11th, the Court will proceed to Windsor Castle for six weeks.

The Prince and Princess of Wales will stay at Sandringham during the next fortnight, and are to entertain their second series of guests, which will include the Duke of Cambridge and the Duke and Duchess of Teck and Princess Victoria. The Prince will go abroad about Jan. 24 for five weeks.

When the Princess of Wales is at Sandringham, says "Atlas," her life is a very busy one. She attends a good deal to her guests, and a great deal to the schools, which are very remarkable both as regards management and results. She has established all kinds of technical teaching, and her carving school, and that in which brass and metal work is taught, are extremely good. She spends a great

He was found guilty, and, having already served ten years' penal servitude for attempting to murder a woman, he was sent back for ten years' more penal servitude.

Stanley, it is said, is likely to remain at Zanzibar until arrangements have been made for the settlement of the expenses of the expedition, and is not likely to leave for Egypt before the second week in January. He is anxious that Emin Pasha should journey to Cairo with him, and Dr. Parkes has fixed that time as the soonest at which Emin will be able to undergo the fatigues of the voyage.

At the Central Criminal Court, on the 20th, Lord Euston's action against Mr. Ernest Parke for alleged libel was mentioned. The defendant pleaded "Not Guilty," and Mr. Asquith also tendered on his behalf a plea of justification, that the alleged libel was true in substance, and that it was published for the public

most years we should hug ourselves on possessing a Surefoot, a Le Nord, or Heaume, not to mention Riviera, Rightaway, Semolina, and others. By the way, I hold that

Semolina improves every Day.

Unless some great mistake has been made with Surefoot, that big, well-built colt ought to go near to adding another Derby victory on the son's (Mr. A. W.'s) account to the list scored to the father, the late Mr. James Merry. Le Nord, in many seasons, would be classed almost a wonder, and it is singular that he, Heaume, Surefoot, and Co. should occur in one and the same year. Far more curious still is it to know that in this one season of general two-year-old excellence we have a filly,

Signorina the Peerless,

capable of making pitiful exhibitions of the next best to her. After Le Nord had won his last race at

OUR LATEST AFRICAN TROUBLE: H.M.S. STORK ENTERING THE CHINDE RIVER FROM THE ZAMBESI.

and the knowledge thus gained may prove of considerable use at the present crisis.

The hearing of the French-Brewster consolidated divorce suits terminated on Saturday, when the jury found that Mr. French-Brewster had deserted his wife for two years and upwards without just cause, and that he had been guilty of misconduct, while Mrs. French-Brewster and Captain Gore had not. On these findings Mr. Justice Butt pronounced a decree nisi on the wife's petition, with costs, and dismissed the husband's suit, with costs. Captain Core's costs were also allowed.

During the Queen's stay at Windsor (says the *World*) the papers have almost daily reported the arrival or departure of visitors at the Castle. It is a mistake to suppose that "the Queen's guests" have any opportunity for protracted or confidential communication with her Majesty, except such Ministers as have audiences. Visitors arrive at the Castle about seven o'clock, retire to their respective rooms, and assemble in the corridors in full dress at half past eight. The Queen presently enters from her private apartments, and after bowing to the company, and perhaps speaking a few words to one or two friends, she goes into the dining-room, followed by her guests. After dinner (during which the conversation, as a matter of course, is to the last degree vapid and commonplace) the company return to the corridor, and then the Queen speaks for a few minutes to each person in turn, and then bows to the circle and retires, after which the party proceed to one of the drawing-rooms for cards and music, and the men ultimately find themselves in the smoking-room, which is a very comfortable apartment. Next morning the guests leave after breakfast, and they depart without having again seen the Queen, who breakfasts alone in her private rooms.

In the probable event of the Queen opening Parliament, her Majesty will come to Buckingham

part of her morning looking after them, and she always presents bits of work done by her girls to those ladies of whom she is fond. She plays a great deal, and reads largely and widely, and is very well informed on many subjects.

The Prince of Wales has at last settled that he is to open the Forth Bridge, and the ceremony will be performed on March 4. Lord Colville informed Sir John Fowler that Prince George of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh will probably accompany the Prince. Great preparations are already being made, as it was known the Prince had consented to open the bridge, though the date is not fixed. It is probable that the Prince of Wales will be the guest of Lord Tweeddale at Yester House, as Lord Tweeddale is chairman of the North British Railway. Hopetoun and Dalmeny are both nearer; but the former is closed, and Lord Rosebery has no connection with the undertaking.

A sad fatality is reported from Detroit. It appears that while sixteen children at a public school at Detroit were rehearsing for a Christmas cantata, in gauze costumes, on Friday last, the wand which one of them was carrying became ignited from a candle. In the general excitement which followed the dresses of a dozen of the children caught fire. Water was procured as quickly as possible and poured over them; but two of the children were burned to death, while a number of the others received fatal injuries.

Mr. Justice Day tried the case of George French, labourer, at the Old Bailey on the 19th. He was charged with assaulting James Olive, with intent to do him grievous bodily harm. The parties were brothers-in-law, and, after having many family altercations, they met in Green-street, Worship-street, on the night of Nov. 16, when the prisoner, without any notice or any immediate provocation, stabbed the prosecutor with a knife in several places.

benefit. To enable counsel for the prosecution to examine this, the trial was postponed till the next sessions. Mr. Parke was readmitted to bail.

The Police ought to see to it that postmen on the Hatton-garden beat are properly protected. It is a diamond-dealing street. Some years ago we had occasion to illustrate the great robbery of diamonds that took place at the Hatton-garden Post-office. Now, another warning has come in the shape of a daring robbery from a postman on the second floor of No. 10, where he had called to deliver a letter to Mr. Crosbie. The principal articles in the letter-bag stolen (as sketched) are as follows: Precious stones to the value of £1600, two ordinary letters containing cheques, which it is believed are not negotiable, to the value of more than £2000, a pearl necklet and diamond necklet, valued at £100, gold rings to the value of £100, a diamond star, four gold watches, and some bills of acceptances. One registered letter also contained five-pound notes, but how many are not known, and another registered letter contained gold bracelets. It is estimated that the thieves secured a prize of about £2000 or £3000.

Before entering a New Year, which I trust will be extremely satisfactory and prosperous to all readers of *The Penny Illustrated Paper*, I may as well have a last look round at 1889, whose Christmas has just been celebrated, and is generally believed to be packing up in the following week, so as to be ready to quit promptly at twelve midnight on Dec. 31. There is such a suggestion of preachiness about a few words on the New Year that I almost feel inclined to start by dividing my valedictory address into heads, with first and so forth. Faith, I might do worse, for the handiest way to tackle the little retrospect is through questions. As, for instance, as if I were interviewing myself. First, then:

Was 1889 a Good Sporting Year?

Well, that is rather a poser to dispose of with a yea or nay. On the whole, I think that it was rather above the average in turf morality—Lord Durham will bear me out in that, though I should not care to say ditto to the Earl's flattering estimate of our improvement. You see, I have a great deal to do with the financial part of racing's machinery, and am on the inside of many moves which perhaps Lord Durham might not notice, or understand if he did notice them. So I will content myself with going as far as to say that

A Sharp Look-Out

has been kept by the Jockey Club, and, if turfmen have not desired to be more virtuous than formerly, they have been obliged to be more careful.

How about Class?

As to horses older than two years, I think that never were we really worse off. I admit that there are a few fair quality oldsters, but the

Three-Year-Olds are Bad.

Donovan, who scooped together such a big pile for the Duke of Portland, is only a sort of one-eyed king among the blind. Beyond this wear-and-tear customer, who is a better racer than specimen of the thoroughbred, there is not one decent three-year-old in the country, unless you count Chitabob, who was a cripple, and, like most men and animals who give promise of ability which they fail to fulfil, was given credit for being far more than anyone would have allowed had he kept sound. Mind, do not misunderstand me about three-year-olds. I write of 1889's second-season racers.

Our Two-Year-Olds are Good,

and these will be legally three on Jan. 1. All round, the youngsters' standard is very high indeed. In

Newmarket it seemed quite like a dream to compare the ease with which he left his field with the still greater ease with which Signorina had lost Le Nord and the rest.

How have the Jockeys done?

Rather badly, with a few—very few—exceptions. Tom Loates, who heads the list of winning riders, is not an Archer. Right up to his death Fred was as dashing and fearless as when he had all to earn and nothing to lose. Master T. Loates looks very carefully after the safety of his best friend—T. Loates, and is not so good on a difficult as on a straight course—a curious thing to say of a "young 'un." Fred Webb is too heavy to get many rides. Watts suffers from wasting. George Barrett has been engaged by stables who, as a rule, have been dead out of luck. Fred Barrett fell off rather in form, though he put on flesh towards the end of the season.

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ELLIMAN'S UNIVERSAL EMBROCATION.
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Tobacconists Commencing.—See Illus. Guide, 229 pages, 3 stamps. Tobacconists' Outfitting Company (Reg.), 11 and 12, Beech-street, London, E.C. Wholesale.—[Advt.]

"Cleaning Silver."—All difficulty in keeping silver, electro-plate, &c., untarnished and with a brilliant polish, may be obviated by using Goddard's Non-Mercurial Plate-Powder. Sold everywhere, in Boxes, 1s., 2s. 6d., and 4s. 6d. Five gold medals awarded.—[Advt.]

Tom Cannon is as fine as ever, but does not ride often. Sam Loates does not win out of his turn. Calder improves. Rickaby has hardly come on as was expected. I may have missed one or two, and there are also some good hands among the younger lot—good at their weights, that is. Take the profession in its entirety, I am afraid that you cannot pick more than seven or eight workmen, and there are no real demons of the Archer or Fordham stamp among them.

Who have won the Money—

bookmakers or backers? Few bookmakers had a good year, and scarcely any backers. As it was in 1888, so in 1889, most of the money won in bets has gone to a few who live out of the turf—never put a shilling into its estate, nor ever will. They go for what they can get, and, to a great extent, are successful, making the bookmakers unwilling collectors from the public. What the latter lose to the bookmakers the select coterie extract a good deal of from the layers of odds.

A Fine Season for Selling?

Why, yes, very fine indeed, thanks mainly to the South Americans, who dealt so largely. But we shall not do so well in the future, as there is now an

Import Duty of 25 per cent,

which will spoil the market. I may mention here that

Ormonde is in Training

at Buenos Ayres. We all thought he would keep at the stud after having a season in England, but his new owners mean to race him. That is about all, except to repeat good wishes for all of us in 1890, I had to say, was it not? Stay, one more question I must ask myself.

Who won the most Money in Stakes?

A nice easy one to satisfy is that query. Everyone knows that the Duke of Portland took nearly all the big plates, and piled up an unprecedented great heap. Everyone does not know that his brothers get a percentage on this account; but everyone knows pretty well that the great Jumbo is not likely to let much of what he has drawn come back to the turf. We also know that he is rather likely to win more than to lose, because it is the fate of racing for big stakes to go into big people's pockets. They, the few professors, and the gate fees swallow all the money.

Swimming on the Back

is not a mode of progression much practised by swimmers, excepting in the way of variety and display, and yet it is really the only proper mode to adopt when endeavouring to save another person's life. When a person falls into the water the intending rescuer should, first, make for him as fast as possible, and, when he has reached him, get him in front, himself turning upon his back. In this way the person being rescued cannot very well bring about his own and his would-be saviour's destruction by clinging. Still, as I have said, the art is very little practised. The objection to the majority is that the same pace cannot be attained as by swimming on the breast or side—and we must all go as fast as we can, now-a-days.

There was to have been a six days' exposition at the Aquarium, commencing on the 18th inst., the occasion being a race of five hours per day between an American swimmer, D. Dalton, and C. Beckwith, the youngest of the celebrated family as yet before the public, though I hear that some sprigs will shortly be ready to follow in their father's footsteps, to use a conventional term not very applicable to the mode of progression through water usually adopted by that worthy. Dalton swims

Without Using the Arms,

claiming that in that way a man can swim a greater distance than when employing an arm stroke. His original challenge was to swim fasting the whole five hours, which terms, naturally enough, did not suit Beckwith, and the match was ratified under terms which did not preclude the enjoyment of a Christmas dinner en route.

Beckwith has a very neat arm-stroke, the arms being kept under water—indeed, it may be called the ordinary breast-stroke reversed—and this soon sent him ahead, and he led at the end of the first day by nearly a mile, and at the end of the second day by two miles exactly. Dalton here retired, giving as his reason the not very plausible excuse that the water was

Too Warm for Him.

The temperature of the water in the Aquarium swimming-bath is about 70 degrees, which is far more conducive to prolonged exertion than cold water. If Dalton were to issue a challenge to swim in cold water I fancy he would have acceptors enough and to spare. The Beckwiths, I know, will swim him in any water.

Dalton expresses an intention to

Swim the Channel

on his back; but for the attempt of this feat I anticipate he will wait until the summer.

Never was the value of good place-kicking more clearly demonstrated than on the occasion of the

North v. South

Rugby Union match played on Saturday at Manchester. The superiority of the South was marked all through, and they scored four tries in all: but, though two of these were absolutely between the goal-posts, no goal was kicked. The "greasy ball" is generally blamed on these occasions; but it was not so slippery that the Southern back division could not effect some splendid passing, which, at short range, was especially good, and, if one can hold the ball when passed rapidly, surely one should be able to bring off an easy place-kick. The North got but one try, and that they converted into a goal, so the ball was

Not too Greasy for them.

Thus, although the South got over four times to their opponents' once, they won by the bare margin of four points to three. A win is a win, of course, however small the margin may be, but the slightest mishap might easily have given victory to the North.

Liver Complaints.—Dr. King's Dandelion and Quinine Liver Pills, without Mercury, remove Liver Complaints, Biliousness, Headache, Indigestion, Constipation.—[Advt.]

To Cure Skin Diseases.—Sulpholine Lotion drives away all eruptions, pimples, blotches, redness, and disfigurements, leaving a clear, spotless skin. Bottles, everywhere.—[Advt.]

Stoddart played his "top" game behind, which is worth travelling from north to south, or vice versâ, to see. The Southern fifteen included five members of the Blackheath team, which, of course, did no harm to the combination so essential to a good game.

The Oxford University Rugby team, which started on a tour immediately after the match with Cambridge, has fared very badly, and received a crushing blow at Newport, the local club beating them by a goal and five tries to a try. It is not often that so large a score is run up against a University team. The Welsh clubs are very good in some cases, particularly those of

Cardiff and Newport,

which always take a great deal of beating. What is known as the

International Difficulty

was made the subject of a special conference of the Rugby Union at Manchester, before the North and South match. When the trouble began, and Scotland, Ireland, and Wales formed themselves into an

International Board,

Englishmen said, "Let them go: we can do without international matches." But time has shown that players are very impatient on the point, and the honour of being selected on a fifteen which would play international matches, if there were any to play, has come to be regarded as a somewhat perfunctory one. Scoffers called the fifteen the

Great Unemployed,

but did not point any way out of the difficulty. The trouble arose originally out of the last England v. Scotland match, played at Blackheath, when England scored a try from a knock on by a Scotsman. Scotland claimed that the try should not count, but England pointed out that a fundamental law of all games was that no one could benefit by his own misdeeds. Both sides were obdurate, and no match has been played since. Scotland worked upon the feelings of Ireland and Wales, and these formed themselves into an International Board, which England would not join because, although she possessed more clubs than all the rest put together, she was to have only one vote.

The resolution come to on Saturday was that the Rugby Union was willing to submit the case to

Arbitration,

the International Board to select one arbitrator and the Rugby Union another, the decision of the two arbitrators to be binding on both parties.

The chief trouble now is the rules under which each match is to be played, Scotland and Ireland having thought fit to diverge materially from the laws of the Rugby Union. What the Union wants is that international matches shall be played according to the rules in vogue in the country in which they are played. Surely this seems fair enough; but the Board wants to dictate terms—and by the Board everyone may understand Scotland. Of course, it is by no means certain that the Board will agree to arbitration.

Lord Harris

has been mentioned as an arbitrator. That this gentleman will bring an impartial mind to bear on the case, and give his soul to its consideration, is certain; but I should say that his Lordship would hesitate to accept the task, seeing how imperfectly he is acquainted with the subject in hand.

Some fine play was seen in the Association game in the

League Competition.

Everton beat Preston North End by two goals to one, after a splendid game, Trainor's fine goal-keeping preventing Everton's score being much larger. Aston Villa and the Wolverhampton Wanderers played a drawn match of one goal each. There must be a last in every class; and in the League contest this place is occupied by Burnley, who sustained their fifteenth consecutive defeat, they not having won a single match, so far.

The proposed alterations in the laws of

Lawn Tennis

are significant of the spread of prize-meetings, leading to practices which, while scarcely warranting the expression reprehensible, appear to be undesirable. It is proposed that, for the future, no challenge cup can be won outright. The practice has been with some committees to offer very valuable cups, one costing as much as

A Hundred Pounds

being offered on one occasion, while fifty pounds is quite a common value of a challenge cup. This the Lawn Tennis Association discountenances, of course, upon the only possible ground of its leading to pot-hunting on the part of crack players. No doubt committees offer these valuable prizes for the very purpose of attracting these good men, so we arrive at a very ambiguous state of affairs, for the L.T.A. is composed principally of the very clubs whose action it is now proposed to control. Besides, I do not see what is to prevent committees from presenting valuable prizes to anyone winning a cup, say, three times in succession, which would amount to the same thing as the practice complained of. The number of "championships" that are annually played at lawn tennis are certainly likely to bring ridicule upon the game, and, if the action of the L.T.A. is for the purpose of reducing the number of these, then it is to be highly lauded.

BANSHEE.

The Prize-Fight between Jem Smith and Slavin for £1000 took place near Bruges on Monday morning, and ended in a draw. Smith had the best of it at starting, but the Australian is said to have looked like winning at the finish, when he is alleged to have been maltreated in his corner. Fourteen rounds had been fought, and the referee was forced to declare the battle drawn.

To Darken Grey Hair.—Lockyer's Sulphur Hair Restorer is the quickest, best, safest, and cheapest. Large Bottles, 1s. 6d. Everywhere.—[Advt.]

A CHRISTMAS FAIRY STORY.

THE GOOD AND BAD FAIRIES,

AND

HOW THE GOOD TRIUMPHED.

My dear Children, I asked me to tell you why it is that you are all so healthy, so full of good spirits, and so happy in all things, when there are so many that we meet every day that have none of these blessings, but who are thin and ill, every step they take painful, and seemingly quite incapable of enjoying this beautiful world of ours.

I will tell you. It is because you are guarded by a wonderful Talisman, which has shielded you from your earliest infancy, and which is the gift of the Good Fairies, who spend all their time in watching and keeping from harm the little ones in every home that possesses it; for everyone can have it if they will only ask for it, and their children will grow up healthy and strong, as you have done.

But to make you understand it all, we must go back a long time—many, many years before you were born—when the Wicked Fairies had it all their own way, and there were none to say them nay. You have all heard of the Wicked Fairies who used to take the dear little babies, just born, out of their cots, and carry them ever so far away, leaving in their place poor little shrivelled-up mites, who looked more like bags of bones than children.

Especially at that time there were two—oh! such Wicked Fairies; nothing good about them, whose names I will tell you presently, who always were trying how much harm they could do, and never were so happy as when they were causing some misery or other to the Earth Children, as our race was called in those long-past days; so, whenever they could, they would steal away some dear little plump, crowing, darling little baby, and leave in its place a poor, wizened, miserable little thing, that everyone said was a "changeling" directly it was seen.

Did you ever hear of anything so wicked and cruel?

How long this would have gone on no one can say. Perhaps, instead of sitting now, this Christmas night, all of us around the warm fireside, so happy each of you listening to mamma's "Fairy Story," one and all of you might have been far away from home and friends, down in the depths of the earth, digging and delving to please the Wicked Fairies who had stolen you away, and who never say a kind word, and who would tear and pinch you for very mischief. Are you not thankful that it is not so?

Luckily for you, there are Good Fairies as well as bad ones—so kind and true, just the reverse of those I have told you of—who pass all their time in doing good and being kind to the Earth Children; and there were also two of these whose names you shall also soon know, who could not bear to see the way in which the Wicked Fairies treated their pets, and so they set to work and thought, and thought, and thought how they could prevent their being stolen away and treated so badly. At last they discovered that they must find a certain Talisman, which was of such a wondrous nature that whoever had it in the house where they lived would be quite free from the attacks of all the Wicked Fairies, especially the two that did so much harm. Such a wonderful Talisman this! No one before had ever heard of such a thing—not large, encased in white paper with cabalistic letters on it, and yet it not only protects children from every ill, but it provides them with delicious food, which never disagrees with them, and soon makes even a changeling plump and strong. Then the question was, How is this Talisman to be found? Where is it? Where could it be hidden? Surely, nowhere on earth? Such a treasure must be hidden away in the moonbeams, or on some distant star. So off they went from star to star, then to the moon, but the man in it did not know anything about the "Talisman"; so at last they were nearly tired with their search, and almost gave up hope, when, having coming back again to earth, they saw a dear old wise, clever physician, surrounded with books even more clever than himself, who for years had been trying to find the same Talisman that they had themselves tried so hard to find; and now he had nearly found it, and, indeed, would have quite found it, but that it could not be found by mortal man without the Fairies' help.

So, at once, the two Good Fairies, whose names were Knowledge and Carefulness, went and sat one on each side of the good doctor, prompting him and helping him on; and soon the Talisman appeared, and the good doctor gave it to all his patients; and all their children became well and strong. And all the Wicked Fairies, with the two whose names were Ignorance and Neglect, fled away, utterly powerless for harm, except to those who would not keep the Talisman. And, although there are many foolish ones who have not even yet obtained it, there are thousands upon thousands of children—yes, and grown-up men and women too—who hourly bless the good Physician and the kind Fairies, through whose exertions they are saved from Ill-Health, Disease, and Death. And you, my dear children, take to heart this little story, and, as you grow up, be sure you continue friends with the Good Fairies I have told you of, for you will always find Knowledge a powerful friend in need, and that with Knowledge combined with Carefulness you will escape almost every ill that can come upon you. And what is this Talisman, possessing all these marvellous properties? Can you guess? You have seen it often enough. Why, a tin of Dr. Ridge's Patent Cooked Food—a Talisman, indeed, giving Health, Strength, and Comfort, and Quiet Nights.—[Advt.]

HARRY PAYNE.
THE POPULAR DRURY-LANE CLOWN.

MUSIC & THE DRAMA

"Jack and the Beanstalk," Old Drury.

HEY, presto! Change! Let me for the nonce try to notice Mr. Augustus Harris's superlatively grand and beautiful pantomime of "Jack and the Beanstalk; or, Harlequin and the *Midwinter* Night's Dream," from glimpses of the rehearsals, which are really marvels of skilful and patient organisation. It is only by obtaining the "open sesame" to these rehearsals on the extensive stage of Drury-Lane that one can properly appreciate the world of care and close attention indispensable on the part of Mr. A. Harris and his willing aides-de-camp before Old Drury can disclose the crowning glories of Boxing Night, with the resplendent tableaux of Dayes, Perkins, Caney, and Kautsky, and the magnificent and costly, exquisite and sumptuous costumes designed by Wilhelm. It is a palpable advantage to have that popular actor and droll pantomimist, Harry Nicholls, as the writer of the Old Drury Annual in conjunction with the great Augustus, as Harry is ever present to jot down amendments, and work in the new notions of the Emperor Druriolanus as they occur to his busy mind. In lieu of the beaming Augustus, all shirt front and smiles, glowing from his private box on Boxing Night, conjure up a picture of his august Majesty in smoking-cap and frock-coat, now reclining in an arm-chair close by the footlights, anon springing to his feet to inspire an approaching group of goddesses with the true poetry of motion, himself swaying to and fro with the grace of a ballerina; and the next moment directing his smart young "régisseur," Collins, to quicken the action of another cohort of fair Olympians; what time the same indefatigable generalissimo is instructing Chorus-master Steadman where to lead forward his sweet-voiced choir-boys, and almost in the same breath is ordering thousands of Tom Smith's crackers, to be flung to the children by the favourite clown, Harry Payne. Then you may form an idea of "how it's done." That master of melody, Mr. Walter Slaughter, composer of the coming opera of "Marjorie," furnishes the inspiriting music to "Jack and the Beanstalk," which superb pantomime will be found to be an amusing combination of the nursery story and of the fairy woodland portion of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." It opens, indeed, in "Oberon's Bower," the Oberon being divinely tall and handsome Miss Agnes Hewitt; comely Miss Marie Faudelle being Titania; and gutta-percha - limbed Charley Lauri, Puck, to delight everybody with his agile jumps and grotesque capers. We are quickly transported from Oberon's bower to the exterior of the Royal Palace, and soon make the acquaintance of that most comical of Royal couples, King Harry the Bounder (Mr. Harry Nicholls) and Queen Fanny the Flirt (Mr. Herbert Campbell), who humorously suggests by her "carryings on" how each of Henry the Eighth's wives might have paid the great historic "bounder" off in his own coin. What an Adonis Jack is may be gathered from the fact that silver-toned Miss Harriett Vernon dashes through the part; and it is only necessary to mention that the galvanic dancer and singer, quaint little Dan Leno, skips about and chirrups as Jack's mother, Mrs. Simpson, that the mirth-making Brothers Griffiths are the Cow and Cow-keeper, that Mr. George Conquest jun. is the colossal giant, and the nimble Brothers Leopold his attendants, to indicate that the fun soon waxes fast and furious. This is as it should be. Mere magnificence is apt to weary without due admixture of Merriment, which should, in my humble opinion, be the keynote of pantomime. But who is the Princess? Why, none other than the Irish Juno, Miss Maggie Duggan, the very lass to make Princess Diamond Duckey duly fascinating. Safe to say, no royal household ever had a prettier or sweeter-voiced First Housemaid than Miss Sybil Grey, whose Savoy and Gaiety experience imparts rare charm to her every performance. I guess the captivating "pas de huit" in the Market Place will be as much talked about as the famous Gaiety dance in "Faust up to Date." Naturally, the poetical Beanstalk up which Jack climbs will be a source of delight to little people. Old and young will alike be dazzled by the brilliant beauty of the glowing Olympian scene, a grand realisation of one of Alma Tadema's fine paintings—a tableau worthy the resplendent processions of "gods" and "goddesses," from Jupiter and Apollo to Neptune and Venus. This is one of Mr. Augustus Harris's greatest stage triumphs, and of itself forms a radiant spectacle which will draw sightseers again and again to Drury-Lane. More picturesque processions and ballets have never been seen. Nor do we leave pageantry of the most lustrous order when we quit Olympus for Giant-land. There we are regaled with the beauteous Procession of Shakspercan Heroines, conceived by Augustus Druriolanus a long time ago, and now a magnificent fact—in fine, a thing of joy and beauty for ever in the mind's eye. I had almost forgotten, so many are the plums in the Old Drury pudding, to offer a fresh tribute of praise to Madame Katti Lanner for the excellence of the sparkling ballets, particularly of her troops of juvenile dancers. The customary glowing Transformation precedes the comic Harlequinade, of which everyone is glad to know that Mr. Harry Payne, perennial fount of Good Humour, is the leading spirit. One who has for many, many years drawn peals of hearty laughter from children of all ages, Harry Payne thoroughly deserves his cognomen of the "Gentleman Clown." Those who laughed at his drolleries as clown in the good old days when that acknowledged King of Pantomime, Mr. W. H. Payne, tickled us with pantomime proper at Covent-Garden, must rejoice to know that his jubilant and merry son, Harry Payne, now in the prime of life, is still to the fore to amuse the rising generation with pure and harmless fun. While deservedly lauding Mr. Augustus Harris for his masterly production of "Jack and the Beanstalk," do not let us forget the merits of his loyal Clown, of whom a lifelike photograph is printed, with some Sketches of the pantomime—Mr. Harris's masterpiece at Old Drury.

"Cinderella" at Her Majesty's.

What fortunes have been spent on pantomimes this year! I have essayed to show, from a rehearsal point of view, what lavish enterprise has done at Drury-Lane. Acquiring for the nonce the gift of Asmodeus, I am privileged to skip on to the stage of Her Majesty's Theatre, and to judge from Mr. Charles Harris's untiring rehearsals (bell in hand) what "Cinderella; or, Ladybird, Ladybird, Fly Away Home," by clever and adroit "Richard Henry," will be like when its manifold beauties are unfolded to a succession of holiday audiences. I am under the guidance of courteous and business-like Mr. J. S. Fleming, who with just pride first calls my attention to the tasteful redecoration of the spacious house by the Opera Company. Light blue and gold are the prevailing colours. The Old London windows have disappeared; and the auditorium looks all the brighter. A king's ransom must have been spent in this renovation, and in the mounting of "Cinderella," for which such admirable scenic artists as Hawes Craven and William Telbin, T. E. Ryan and E. J. Banks, Walter Hann and Henry Emden, have painted the lustrous scenery; Mdme. Auguste and Alias, among others, have executed the gorgeous costumes designed by M. Lucien Besche; while Mr. Charles Harris has been aided in the production of the brilliant ballets and indispensable lace-petticoat dances by M. Grédelue and Mr. John D'Auban; and the graceful lyrics are from the pen of Mr. Clement Scott. A prime favourite of mine when she took the fancy of the town in "My Sweetheart," Miss Minnie Palmer has just the dainty figure and just the native *chic* and winsomeness for Cinderella. Plenty of new and taking "business" up her sleeve, depend upon it, as the persecuted little damsel! I am sure our Photograph of this quaintly charming American actress will be welcome. She is surrounded by numerous English artists of merit. Not easy to find a comelier Prince, with song and dance at command, than Miss Fanny Robina; nor a sprightlier Spirit of the Age than Miss Laura Linden; a droller Baroness than "good old" Mrs. Henry Leigh; a more galvanic Quicksilver than Miss Irene Verona; a fairer King's Page than Miss Lila Clay; nor better Queens of Dance than Mdlle. Cormani and Mdlle. Prioris. As for "all the fun of the fair," merriment could hardly lack with the renowned caroller of "Two Lovely Black Eyes," Mr. Charles Coborn, as Glovina Jane; Mr. Harry Parker as Baron Brokestone, Mr. Julian Girard as Father Christmas, Mr. Johnny Hanson as the King, and Mr. Fred. Esmond as his spider; and Mr. Robert Dezano as Sinuoso, and Mr. D. Abraham as the nimble cat; not to dwell on the fact that the great-little actor, Shiel Barry, is the Scroogins, Mr. John Le Hay the Tottina Ann, and Mr. Fawdon Vokes (who will be remembered with poor Fred Vokes) the Family Pet. Thus, it will be seen there is a combination of all the talents in "Cinderella," who absolutely commands "music wherever she goes," inasmuch as the pantomime melodies are furnished by MM. Alfred Cellier, Edward Solomon, Ivan Caryll, Robert Martin (composer of "Ballyhooley"), and Henry J. Leslie, the busy managing director of the opera company. A Past (and Present) Master in the art of producing such spectacular pieces with the utmost effect, Mr. Charles Harris has devised a series of capital scenes, some of unsurpassed splendour, for the unravelment of the familiar story. Opening

MINNIE PALMER, HER MAJESTY'S CINDERELLA.

seasonably in the Cave of Father Christmas, who has to select the fairy legend for his youthful constituency, what could be calculated to delight them more, in the first place, than a magic change to Toyland, with its comical Noah's Ark procession, followed by an enchanting ballet in the Moonlit Forest? A comic interlude in the Baron's Pantry, where the movable images are bound to "catch on" if they work smoothly; and then comes Insect Island, with its splendid Procession and Ballet of Insects, every imaginable kind of glittering and brilliant-hued denizens of the insect-world, from the glowworm to the ladybird, being brought into requisition to charm the eye. We are well prepared by this time for the inevitable kitchen, in which plenty of mirth-moving "business" precedes the transformation of the pocket Cinderella into a joyous Princess, with an equipage for herself and suite, which will be an unfailing source of pleasure to myriads of little ones, so numerous are the real ponies, and so perfectly made are the tiny carriages, with the tiniest of coachmen and footmen in livery. It is in the Prince's Palace, a regal marble hall with pillars and palatial staircase, that her Majesty's Shaksperean Procession and Ballet, enlivened by tunesome chorus, take place. A really gorgeous sight is this glowing tableau in which the Prince is charmed by Cinderella. As attractive in another way is the brisk and lively scene of the dash of the miniature fire-engines to put out the fire in the Lady Bird's Palace, and the rush of the firemen with miniature fire-escapes to the rescue. To crown all, there is a mirth-moving comic scene, succeeded by a superb transformation; Mr. Tom Lovell being Clown, and a very good Clown too. "Cinderella," in short, reflects the greatest credit on Mr. Charles Harris and on all concerned in its production at Her Majesty's.

Barnum's Grand Show,

at Olympia, has been increased in attractiveness for Christmastide, which Mr. Barnum good-naturedly heralded by a special treat to the old Chelsea Pensioners and to the smart boys of the Royal Military Asylum. Take it all in all, London has not for many years witnessed so wonderful an exhibition of "living curiosities," with well-nigh innumerable acrobatic, hippodramatic, and spectacular performances, and a zoological collection into the bargain. Messrs. Barnum and Bailey are reaping the reward of their enterprise; and urbane Mr. Thomas Burnside has all his work cut out for him to find room for the distinguished visitors who flock to Olympia as well as the general public do. There is a new programme of circus feats for the Christmas Holidays, and the youngsters who for the first time view the Roman races, the contests of English jockeys, the trapeze acts, the elephant-tumbling, and the scenes enacted in three or four circles at one time will be likely to remember them for a lifetime. Be in time! Be in time! And don't on any account miss the splendid pageant, devised by Imre Kiralfy, of "Nero; or, the Destruction of Rome." Remember, "Nero" is not excelled in magnificence by anything in the London pantomimes.

Covent-Garden Circus.

Here Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. Freeman Thomas have joined hands to offer the public a series of brilliant equestrian performances and circus novelties, which may be relished under the most comfortable conditions. The bright particular attraction of this "Grand Cirque," which has Mr. Walter Gooch as the Acting Manager, is the performing lion, or lioness, which made a sensation at the Paris Hippodrome, and which has been engaged expressly for Covent-Garden. From an interview with this skilful young lioness "behind the scenes," but in front of her cage, I gathered, through her interpreter, that she is a British Lioness (we should be all the prouder of her), and was born at Olympia, a little over two years ago. She was one of the lion cubs her Majesty the Queen nursed when she first visited the Olympian Hippodrome. She now weighs 224 lbs. She is quite attached to the fine Pomeranian boar-hound (closely resembling Prince Bismarck's famous hound), sharing her cage with him, and having him as her companion when she goes through her ring acts. Be it understood, the ring is completely encaged with iron bars while the British Lionne goes through her equestrian performances in the manner depicted on another page, unfailingly accompanied by her boar-hound friend, and obedient to her keeper. The celebrated Cirque Rancy has also been engaged from France; and the feats of the remarkably good troupe comprises the bold jockey rides of Sylvester, the dashing exploits of Signora Aguzzi on a bare-backed steed, the deft juggling on horseback of George Palmer, Jessica's graceful wire-walking, the horizontal bar twirls of the lissom Hoffman Sisters, the clever horsemanship of M. and Mdlle. Rancy, the musical eccentricities of the Mazzarinis, and quite a galaxy of clowns, including Gou Gou and his pig, Auguste, Happy Ashby, and Harry Le Bar. Last year there was one performing bear: this season there are three, one of the trio a rope-walker! Best of all, perhaps, in the opinion of the juveniles, will be the "Children's Cinderella," a delightful Circus play performed by children for children, with the Covent-Garden orchestra conducted by Mr. A. Gwyllym Crowe, so as to set the Prince and Cinderella dancing to the genteelest of tunes.

Aladdin at the Grand.

The pantomime at the Grand Theatre is from the pen of Geoffrey Thorn, who for the fifth time supplies this house with Christmas fare. It is called "Aladdin, or the Saucy Young Scamp who Collared the Lamp," and is an elaborate production. The familiar story is treated with some originality, and there is much topical matter in it. One very novel scene is a set realising in blue and white the old willow pattern plate, all the characters being attired in blue and white satins to secure an effect in "Blue China." There is a pretty talent in the Garden of Jewels; and a gorgeous palace scene, in which Aladdin and the Emperor in their search for the stolen princess appear disguised as Stanley and Emin Pasha to deceive the wicked magician. Miss Belle Black is the Aladdin, and Miss Sara Beryl the Princess, both charming vocalists; and Mr. Wilfred Shine is the Abanazar. An eccentric toy-soldier, played by Mr. Walton, and Mr. J. Cheever's Widow Chow-Chow are the strongest comic elements in a bustling pantomime, full of bright and lively music. There are a strong troupe of pantomimists and acrobats and plenty of spectacular elements, that make a merry as well as a brilliant pantomime. Well done, Geoffrey!

Enough of pantomime for this week. From what I glean, I shall be able to give similarly favourable accounts of Mr. Horace Lennard's "Aladdin" at the Crystal Palace (always renowned for its pantomime, grace to the skill of Mr. Oscar Barrett); and of the productions at the East-End and transpontine theatres, including Sanger's wonderful combination of circus and pantomime, this year called "Lady Godiva."

Drama

proper flourishes also at Christmas. In addition to Mr. Irving's revival of the grand revolutionary play of "The Dead Heart" at the Lyceum, and the deservedly popular "London Day by Day" of Mr. G. R. Sims and Mr. Henry Pettitt at the electric-lighted Adelphi, there is the striking melodrama of "Master and Man," by the same authors. This has been successfully transferred to the renovated Princess's Theatre, and the syndicate and Mr. C. Knox Furtado are happy. "Master and Man" was greeted with quite a storm of applause on Dec. 19. It was well merited. The story is so engrossing, the characters are so strongly marked, the serious situations are so skilfully intermingled with humorous episodes which cause unbidden laughter, and "Master and Man" boasts so novel and so rousing a sensation, that the piece is pretty certain to run for some months to remunerative houses. It is, in fact, just the type of piece to suit the Princess's. Played throughout the provinces, the plot is fairly familiar, and I need not recapitulate it. Suffice it to say, "Master and Man" completely riveted the attention of the first-night audience, which was deeply impressed by the dramatically conceived Ironworks scene, wherein the villanous Humpy Logan is about to be flung by the infuriated workmen into the flaming furnace, when the escaped convict, wrongfully convicted through his scoundrelly action, intervenes in the nick of time to save him. Mr. Henry Neville as the hero, Mr. Pateman as Humpy Logan, Mr. Charles Dalton as Robert Carlton, Miss Bella Pateman as the convict's wife, Mr. J. H. Barnes as his comrade, and a sweetly natural little girl as the convict's child, were one and all admirable, while the light humour of the drama was well developed by Miss Fanny Brough and Mr. E. W. Gardiner, whose province is that of a light comedian, to judge from his marked success in this vein in "Master and Man." Go and see "Master and Man," if you want to witness a thoroughly interesting melodrama by two masters at the game. Those who revel in Shaksperean comedy should hasten to the Globe to see Mr. F. R. Benson's revival of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." The whole performance doesn't equal the pleasant summer eve's rendering of the fairy play in Mr. Labouchere's Twickenham garden; but the woodland scenes are certainly most charming at the Globe. One of the best actor-managers "on the road," Mr. Dornton, has pluckily resolved to give the provinces a round of drama during Christmas and the New Year, commencing at Boston, in "The Silver King," for which he has been lucky enough to secure that clever young actor Mr. H. A. Saintsbury for Mr. Willard's original part of "the Spider." Good luck to the tour! "La Tosca" has proved such a "hit" at the Garrick that great fun may be looked for in Mr. F. C. Burnand's "Tra la la Tosca," due to-night at the Royalty.

The Alhambra,

which has drawn surprisingly large houses since the engagement of the modern Hercules and his mentor, Sandow and Attila, courts holiday folks with an admirable variety programme, the principal novelty of which is a new Spanish ballet of exceptional splendour, both in scenery and costumes, which may be numbered among the triumphs of Alias. "Asmodeus" is, of course, a terpsichorean version of Le Sage's "Devil on Two Sticks." Signor Casati is fortunate to have hit upon so marvellous a dancer as Signor De Vincenti to caper through the part of Asmodeus, and to have retained at the same time such prime Alhambra favourites as Bessone, Marie, Spotti, and especially Minnie Thurgate, who never appeared to greater advantage. She captivated everyone by her *chic* dancing and winsome presence. Congratulations to M. Jacobi on the rich music he has composed for "Asmodeus," among the most melodious that has come from this accomplished musician, leader of the best orchestra in London. Good reports reach me of the grand new "Christmas Carol" ballet at the Empire.

THESPIS.

Madame Tussaud's wonderful exhibition of waxworks is especially popular at Christmastide. The management is ever adding fresh attractions to the collection, the latest being a fairylike "Cinderella" group, and a comfortable reading- and smoking-room, which is adorned by a lifelike model of that "King of English Journalists," Mr. George Augustus Sala, in his habit as he writes.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

Miss Decima Moore,

for the use of whose portrait we are indebted to the editor of the favourite lady's paper, literally came, sang, and conquered at the Savoy Theatre

MISS DECIMA MOORE.
THE CHARMING DEBUTANTE IN "THE GONDOLIERS."
From "The Lady's Pictorial."

on the first night of the delightful new Gilbert-Sullivan opera, "The Gondoliers." This fair and naïve young ingénue has a sweet soprano voice, and acts with surprising ease and captivating *chic*, considering she is not yet quite out of her teens. As the quaint Duke's charming daughter Miss Decima Moore won all hearts, and at the same time gained the good opinion of the best judges. The young lady's immediate success reflected the greatest credit on her accomplished teacher, Madame Rose Hersee, the daughter of one of our best musical critics, and herself a prima donna and a concert singer of rare excellence.

I do not think many people, unless they are by nature morose and gloomy, will contradict me if I say that cheerfulness has a great deal to do with good health. I wonder if any of you ever happened to hear of a Mr. and Mrs. Bowles who, for three years past, have been lecturing in London on what they call

"Mental Harmony"?

The principles of this "harmony" are really very simple, and there is nothing new in them, as the greatest teacher the world ever saw taught them nearly 1900 years ago. At least, when Mr. and Mrs. Bowles tell me to "hold in the mind the image of good," and to "cast out of the mind all images of evil," I seem to hear but an echo of the words, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," and "Blessed are the pure in heart, and the peacemakers." I often think, when I come across, or hear of, what are called

Family Jars,

how nice it must be to be a peacemaker. If people would only give up that terrible "last word"! It does such a lot of mischief. Women, I am sorry to say, are particularly fond of having it. I should recommend wives to follow the advice of the genial author of "How to be Happy, though Married" (I very often quote him), and let their husbands, once in a way, have the

Last Word.

"It will gratify him," says Mr. Hardy, "and be no particular loss to you." But I fear I am given to rambling. I began about the necessity for cheerfulness, and then I went on to "Mental Harmony," and finally reached the "last word." Everyone ought to try and cultivate cheerfulness. You probably know what Shakspere said of music—please do not write to ask me in which of his plays the lines occur, for I could not tell you all in a moment—but what he said of music is just as true of

Laughter.

> The man that hath no music in himself . . .
> Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils.

Carlyle went even further, for he said, "No one who has once heartily laughed can be irreclaimably bad." Do not pay any attention to those downhearted people who tell you, with a face a yard long, "Life is so serious that the people who are really in earnest have no time for laughter." That is

Nonsense.

They must make time for it, and it is just because life is so serious that we want all the laughter we can to help us to get through it. I am sorry to have to tell you that life with me just now is very serious, and Christmas will not be by any means a festive season, owing to the sad illness of a very near relation; but I am not grizzling (my favourite word again), and, if these were my last words, I should bid you all

Be Cheerful!

and do not let anyone try to persuade you that a reasonable amount of time spent in amusement is wasted time. A very clever man says, "It is no more wasted than meal-time or bed-time." Amusements are well called "recreations," for we are recreated, actually made over again, by them. So I hope all those of you who are able will thoroughly enjoy your Christmas dinners, dances, games, and pantomimes; and don't forget that, no matter how badly off you may be, there is always something you can do for

Someone

still worse off than you are yourself. If anyone will write to me to the office of the *P. I. P.*, it will give me great pleasure to send the address of a poor woman in London who is very hard up; and she has three children whom she is trying to educate and bring up decently, and a husband who is often out of work. She would be glad of

Old Clothes

for herself or her children; and I believe, but I am not sure, that she would do plain sewing at her own home. Now you see where cheerfulness has landed me! I am sure you all say to yourselves, "Never was there such a rambler as our Marguerite." Now I am going back to the children, but I do not expect to get as far as their

Sunday Recreations

this week. I suppose you will all do as you like about being cheerful yourselves, but you must remember that if you depress children and make their little lives a burden to them—and you can do both if you are not very sensible and careful—you will lower their tone of health. Everything that surrounds little children should be

Bright and Pleasant!

Alas for the poor little ones in this great city to whom brightness and cheerfulness are unknown! It was never intended to be so. It has all been brought about by stupidity and ignorance. All live things in nature are cheerful unless they are maimed, or bruised, or made prisoners of by man. Who ever heard a melancholy song from a lark or a blackbird, or saw a pessimistical

Bee or Butterfly

on the wing? It is only men and women who are bored, and moped, and miserable; and then they bring children into the world, and make them miserable too. A clever writer on the subject says that rooms occupied by children should always be full of light: they thrive in sunlight, as chickens require warmth; and one reason why some of the children of the poor, especially those who live in the country, seem to thrive and look

Well and Rosy,

under most adverse circumstances, is that they are nearly all day long out of doors in the fresh air and sunshine. Keeping children excluded from sunlight, and putting them in dark, gloomy rooms, is similar to caging a young bird and keeping it always in the shade. It will soon droop, its plumage will become dull, and its song will cease.

Lady Dangan's Travelling Dress.

Before stopping I must tell you about something very pretty and smart in the way of clothes. In the Sketch, copied from *Lady's Pictorial* of Dec. 21, you will see the travelling dress worn by Lady Violet Nevill, now Lady Dungan. It was made of pale fawn-coloured habit cloth, and the sleeves, bodice, and bottom of the skirt were trimmed with velvet in a lovely shade of bronze, headed by a narrow band of silver-fox fur. The narrow waistcoat was in pale mauve cloth, and the girdle, which was made of the most delicate passementerie, had the three colours combined in it—fawn, mauve, and bronze. The majority of the dresses worn at Lady Violet's wedding were made with enormously high collars, than which, I think, nothing can be more unbecoming.

LADY DANGAN'S TRAVELLING DRESS.

Now I must say good-bye. I wish you all a good New Year; and remember that happiness is very often lying at your feet, and you overlook it simply because it is so near.

MARGUERITE.

LEGAL COLUMN

[*"Lex" will be happy to answer simple questions of Law put to him concisely by readers of "The Penny Illustrated Paper."*]

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. L. Barcoe.—Refuse to pay more rent.

Surrey.—The absence of a stamp on the agreement does not render it invalid. It would have to be stamped if it were produced in Court. You cannot think it would be honourable now to refuse to pay your rent merely upon this ground of want of stamp.

Edmunds.—The stable which you now rent was apparently taken by you on a yearly tenancy from June 1888. If your landlord has subsequently conveyed the property to another person, that person has acquired it subject to your rights as tenant. You are therefore entitled to just the same notice from the new owner as you were from your original landlord; and, it being a yearly tenancy, you must have six months' notice, expiring June in any year.

Dan.—As you have left the house the landlord will have to summons you in the County Court for the amount. You must make a counter-claim for misrepresentation, damage, and breach of contract. Upon this you should consult a solicitor. It is a difficult case, and will probably want fighting in the Court, although, from the facts you have stated, you certainly appear entitled to compensation.

Champion.—Has the widow of the deceased intestate obtained letters of administration? If not, and there is a sufficient estate, you can obtain such letters of administration yourself, dividing the estate rateably among yourself and other creditors, less the expenses of the administration, which have priority in all such cases.

A. Edwards.—You do not appear entitled to keep the coat.

R. B.—If the intended husband (widower) and wife (deceased wife's sister) are British subjects, domiciled in England, they cannot effect a valid marriage by going elsewhere merely for the purpose. It has been expressly decided by the House of Lords that a marriage cannot be contracted with a deceased wife's sister, so as to be valid in this country and render the issue thereof legitimate, by resorting to the device of having the ceremony performed in a country where such marriages are not prohibited by law. Marriages of British subjects abroad are valid in our law only if (a) they are valid according to the law of the country where the marriage is contracted: and (b) where the *marriage itself* is not prohibited by the law of this country. We have made the answer to this question rather full, as we know there are many cases in which the question of the validity of marriage with a deceased wife's sister arises.

W. B. B.—The wife will take half the personal estate, and the next of kin—viz. yourself as sister, and any other brothers and sisters—take the remainder, assuming the mother be dead. The widow will be entitled to letters of administration, or, if she refuses, then you can obtain them.

G. F. Withers.—Under the circumstances stated in your letter the servant is not entitled to the wages.

Lodger.—The lodger must pay the new landlord rent for the period which has elapsed since the original sub-landlord gave up possession. LEX.

The Sinews of Wealth are found in Health; and health, strength, nutritive, flesh-forming qualities, and staying power are retained and concentrated in Cadbury's Cocoa.—[Advt.]

BOOK LOVERS' GOSSIP

"The Blue Fairy Book."

Andrew Lang is so industrious and produces so many books that one is sometimes tempted to ask oneself if he has not immensely overwritten. There

FROM "THE BLUE FAIRY BOOK."

is no sign of this in the two books before me. "The Blue Fairy Book" (Longmans) is a treasury of fairy stories which should find admission into every child's library. Many of them are familiar enough. We have been brought up on "Aladdin." "Little Red Riding-Hood," "Cinderella," and "Blue Beard." But these and many other old favourites are told again with a freshness which makes them as interesting as if they were new. Besides, it is well to have all one's favourite stories in one well-illustrated volume.

"The Pot of Pinks."

But in Mr. Lang's "Blue Fairy Book" there are many stories which are far from familiar. Do my readers know the tale of "Felicia and the Pot of Pinks," of which I reproduce an illustration here? There are all kinds of pretty symbolism in the story. Felicia is a poor girl, whose father leaves her only a silver ring and a pot of pinks. How the pinks are converted into a handsome Prince, and how the Queen of the Fairies blesses the union of the Prince with Felicia, I must leave my readers to discover for themselves.

"Prince Prigio."

There is yet another new book by Mr. Lang, entitled "Prince Prigio" (Arrowsmith, Bristol). This time it is an original fairy story, or, rather, an old story retold with considerable additions. "Prince Prigio," blessed by the fairies beyond measure at his birth, was cursed by one vicious elf to be *too* clever. The amusing results of this "defect" are traced in some hundred and fifty pages. There are many illustrations.

"The Brook and its Banks."

It is not often that the Religious Tract Society sends me any book that is of much worth. I cannot pretend to a great zeal for goody-goody literature. I do not think it makes its readers more truly manly and womanly. Rather is the young person brought up on Religious Tract Society tales apt to become mawkish and narrow-minded. But here is a book by the late Rev. J. G. Wood which I can heartily commend. "The Brook and its Banks" is the title, and there are chapters on water-beetles, dragonflies, &c., and the book is superbly illustrated.

"Daddy Jake."

It is sad to think that Mrs. Beecher Stowe, the creator of Uncle Tom, is now in a lunatic asylum. To her many of us are indebted for our first glimpse of the negro slave of the Southern States of America, idealised, no doubt, but a humorous and fantastic figure. Since Mrs. Stowe wrote there have been many fresh attempts to paint the negro—some of them as successful as hers. Of these I cannot praise Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, or "Uncle Remus," too highly. A new volume of Uncle Remus's stories is before me, entitled "Daddy Jake, the Runaway" (T. Fisher Unwin). Daddy Jake is a dear old negro on the Gaston plantation in the State of Georgia. He loves his master's little children, Lucien and Lilian, and how much they love him in return is told with a beautiful pathos and yet with abundant humour. I should like my readers to buy "Daddy Jake." The stories which accompany it are also good.

Hampstead Hill.

It is my good fortune to live near Hampstead. A very moderate walk will take me to the pleasant fields where Parliament Hill bounds me on one side and the splendid trees of Lord Mansfield's park on the other. I am fond of Hampstead. I think of Keats and his exquisite melody; I think of Shelley carrying a poor fainting woman through the snow in the neighbourhood; I recall the life of Leigh Hunt, and so many other famous men associated with this northern suburb—and, I repeat, I like Hampstead, which is not yet ruined by the bricklayers and builders. And so I am glad to have the very thorough record of Hampstead, entitled "Hampstead Hill," by J. Logan Lobley and others (Roper and Drowley). There are several illustrations, and the flora, fauna, birds, and geology of Hampstead are very adequately treated.—TATLER.

"Any Doctor will tell you" there is no better Cough Medicine than Keating's Lozenges. One gives relief; if you suffer from cough try them but once; they will cure, and they will not injure your health; they contain only the purest and simplest drugs, skilfully combined. Sold everywhere, in 1s½d. Tins.—[Advt.]

BEECHAM'S

NEW YEAR

PUZZLE.

Divide the Paper into three pieces, and adjust the figures

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to read the usual way—

1890

More Rhymes for Beecham's Chimes.

MID loud congratulation,
Mid the festive Christmas throng,
A mighty British nation
Would wonder what was wrong,
And millions might inquire,
If a message did not reach 'em
From the universal BEECHAM,
Of St. Helens, Lancashire.

* * * * *

So fill up a bumper:—be merry and wise;
Enjoy the good cheer, with its puddings and pies!
But while fun and feasting the joyous pulse thrills,
Remember the virtues of famed BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Or, when you've a moment, sit down and peruse
What, to all friends of Beecham, will read like good news:
How Advertisement grand, with her myriad-toned voice,
Has told all the earth of the Pills of your choice.

In Britain, at places of seaside resort,
From Boat-sails that skimm'd o'er the waves we were taught:
And from Bathing-Machines, 'mong the sands and the rocks,
We have learned of the Pills WORTH A GUINEA A BOX!

The thousands of journals that flood town and city
Have teemed with engravings, delightful or witty,
Whose object and effort were ever the same—
To publish A WONDERFUL MEDICINE'S fame.

And Schoolbooks, to help on each master and miss,
Were given by the ton!—and the notion was this:
Graft the ROSEBUD OF HEALTH upon fair Wisdom's root,
And the youthful idea will the easier shoot!

In France, too, that nation of genius and grace,
Of late Beecham's Pills found a wide-welcomed place;
While the far East and India constantly cry—
"The Pills ACT LIKE MAGIC—increase our supply!"

To distant America, south of the Line,
They oft were dispatched in this year Eighty-nine.—
But, reader, adieu!—for our space quickly fills;
Take Beecham's best wishes, and take—BEECHAM'S PILLS!

POSTSCRIPT.

A word to the wise: BEECHAM'S ANNUAL is OUT!
Of all Christmas Numbers, the **Best**, without doubt.
Though a Shilling 's the worth, yet a Penny 's the price!
Give newsagent orders, with this sound advice:
"Let there be no delay: Try and get it to-day,
For 'tis certain they 'll all be snapped up in a trice!"

CHIEF CITIES AND TOWNS OF ENGLAND.

MANCHESTER.—III.

(By Our Own Social Traveller.)

In Our Walks

through the various streets referred to, we have seen those objects in Manchester best worth a visit. For the rest, one big English industrial town is very like another; and you can easily imagine scores of miles of suburban streets and roads with hundreds of small shops and small red-brick houses and commodious villas, and bright public-houses (too many of these) at the corners, and churches and chapels of varying styles of architecture from Early English to the plain square box order of building, which may be designated Later English, and occasional mills with tall chimneys, and local railway stations, and long lines of tramways, and here and there a public library or mechanics' institute or club. These things need not be described. Let us turn rather to the intellectual and moral life of the city, and let me say a word or two as to the

Distinguished Local Men,

and the city's trade and its different institutions. The fine Townhall, of which a photograph is given, was described last week.

Manchester being a great commercial centre, business men naturally dominate its life—and solid, shrewd, well-informed men they are. Death has busied itself in Manchester in recent years, and now you only hear memories of old John Rylands (founder of the great house of Rylands and Sons), of Hugh Mason (whose mills were at Ashton, but who was very much a Manchester man), of John Slagg, of Samuel Watts, of James Barlow (of Bolton), and of several others recently deceased, most of whom I have met in past times. Among Manchester's distinguished living business men are

Sir William Houldsworth,

popular Conservative M.P.; Thomas Ashton (recently Mr. Gladstone's host, and father-in-law of Mr. James Bryce); Mr. Charles E. Schwann, one of the members for the city, young and very rich; Mr. H. J. Roby, once famous as a Latin scholar, and now equally noted as a calico printer; Benjamin Armitage; Robert N. Phillips, one of the wealthiest business men in England, formerly M.P. for Bury, and father-in-law of Sir George Trevelyan; Mr. Daniel Adamson, champion for years of the great ship canal project; Mr. J. E. Taylor, proprietor of the *Guardian*; and Sir Joseph Lee, proprietor of the *Examiner*. All these are first-rate business men, with large knowledge and wide aims. But Manchester is also a

Great Educational Centre,

and reckons among her citizens hosts of distinguished teachers. There is Sir Henry Roscoe, the famous chemist; Sir Charles Hallé, the equally famous musical conductor; Professor Adamson, brother-in-law of Mr. Schwann, and deeply read in German philosophy; Professor Ward, historical scholar, and biographer of Charles Dickens; Professor Williamson, biologist; Professors Marshall and Monro, two of the ablest of the younger Cambridge graduates (the former anatomist, the latter political economist); Professor Wilkins, one of our best Latinists; Professor Scott, head of Lancashire Independent College; and many more. Do not suppose that all the "culture" of England is to be found in London, Oxford, and Cambridge. There is plenty in Manchester, and much good intellectual work is done there. Among other of the intellectual leaders of the city I might name

Mr. Alexander Ireland,

formerly proprietor of the *Examiner*, the friend and biographer of Emerson, writer about and lover of books; Mr. W. E. A. Axon, bibliophile, vegetarian, teetotaler, statistician, and I know not what beside; Mr. Edwin Waugh, dialect poet, the Robert Burns of Lancashire; Mr. Horsfall, one of the Ruskin devotees in Cottonopolis; Mr. Dunckley, formerly editor of the *Examiner*, and better known under his pseudonym of "Verax"; Mr. C. P. Scott, editor of the *Guardian*; and the Rev. A. Gordon, Principal of the Unitarian Home Missionary Board, and one of the most learned men in England. Manchester has, too, its eminent divines, though recently it has sustained heavy losses in the death of Bishop Fraser and Dr. J. A. Macfayden. But it still boasts of the ablest living Baptist preacher in England in Dr. A. Maclaren, and in one of the ablest Congregational ministers in the person of Dr. Mackennal, of the suburban district of Bowden. Mr. Bernard Snell is an unusually able representative of the younger and broader Congregationalism; and Mr. Steinthal and Mr. Farrington are justly esteemed among Unitarians. Bishop Fraser's successor is

Dr. Moorhouse,

formerly an Australian Bishop, a man of great energy and of much force as preacher and speaker. One of the best and most respected dignitaries of the Anglican Church is Dr. John Oakley, Dean of Manchester, who deservedly wields no small influence in the city. The Catholic Bishop of Salford, Dr. Vaughan, a man of much weight in his Church, may count among the worthies of Manchester. But I might fill this entire article with an enumeration of Manchester men of "light and leading," and I must desist. Suffice it to say that the city contains barristers, artists, politicians, physicians, journalists, clergymen, and other noted men and women too numerous to specify. Let me therefore turn to

Manchester Trade.

Though there are many mills in Manchester, it must be understood that the city is now a great emporium rather than a manufacturing centre. Industrial operations are carried on in the surrounding towns: cotton-spinning in Oldham, weaving in Blackburn, carpet-making in Rochdale, and so forth. Manchester is the great market to which the finished products come, where they are stored in the huge warehouses, and whence they are distributed throughout the world. Cotton is by no means the sole industry of this busy region, though it is the chief. Wool, silk, machinery, tools, chemicals—in all these there is great industrial activity. Such vast works as Platt's at Oldham, where machinery is made, or the great iron furnaces at Pendleton, or the gigantic concern of the Wigan Coal and Iron Company, will vie with the biggest cotton-mills, and all alike aid in contributing to the greatness and wealth of Manchester. Ellison's annual volume on

The Cotton Trade

will give you an idea of its vast proportions, some 4,000,000,000 yards of cotton cloth being sold in one year; while the Manchester Statistical Society reckons the money extent of Manchester's trading operations at upwards of £320,000,000. Before such figures as these you stand bewildered. Large oaks from little acorns grow; and this huge oak has grown from the tiny germ of the cotton manufacture of last century. It was in the period from 1750 to 1800 that the great inventions in the cotton industry were made which converted the old hand-loom cottage weaving of the last century into the huge industrial fabric of to-day. It is a revolution greater than the French or the Cromwellian, for it means a change which touches the very core of personal, domestic, and social life. How great a change that is you may infer when I tell you that whereas in the days of the single-spindle hand-wheel one spinner working fifty-six hours could spin five hanks of No. 32 twist, at the present time one spinner, assisted by two boys, will produce 55,098 hanks of the same twist in the same time. It is expected that when

The Ship Canal

is completed an enormous impetus will be given to Manchester's growth and commerce. I have heard it estimated that the population will be doubled, and that the banks of dirty Irwell will be peopled by more than a million souls. For Manchester will then be a port as well as an emporium; and neither its merchants nor the surrounding spinners and manufacturers will be obliged to go to Liverpool to buy of the brokers there. American bales of cotton will come straight from New Orleans or Savannah to the wharves of Manchester. This great change was opposed with vehemence by Liverpool, and immense sums were expended on both sides before the Parliamentary Committees; but in the end Manchester won, and now thousands of navvies are at work on the great canal which is to bring such a vast change to Manchester. Great credit is due to Mr. Adamson, the energetic business man who led the movement on behalf of the canal; to Mr. Leader Williams, the able engineer who gave such valuable evidence before the Parliamentary Committees; and Mr. T. A. Walker, the contractor, whose lamented death was announced only a few days ago.

THE RIGHT REVEREND JAMES MOORHOUSE, BISHOP OF MANCHESTER.

Although the growth of Manchester is so recent,

The City is Really Old,

like most English towns. A Roman station once existed there, and a fragment of the wall still exists. Coins of many of the Roman Emperors have been found there. It suffered from the marauding Danes, and was garrisoned by Edward. It is named in Domesday Book. It received a municipal charter in 1301 from its baron, Thomas Gresley, to whose ancestor the manor had been given. Manorial rights over the town existed till 1845, when they were purchased by the Town Council for the sum of £200,000. These rights included a tax on all articles brought into the town. In the seventeenth century Manchester purchased linen yarn from Ireland, wove it, and returned it for sale. Leland, in 1538, describes Manchester as "the fairest, best builded, quickest, and most populous town of Lancashire." During the Civil Wars the town was for the Parliament, and successfully repulsed a Royalist siege. But it contained, nevertheless, a good many Royalists, who aided the Pretender in 1715, while in 1745 it was actually taken possession of by Prince Charles Edward, who, however, was compelled to retreat. In the latter half of the eighteenth century Manchester was anti-Jacobin, but it swung round to Radicalism early in the present century. The Reform Bill of 1832 gave it two members, which number was increased to three by the measure of 1867. The Act of 1884 divided the city into electoral districts, and it now sends six members to Parliament, among whom are Mr. A. J. Balfour, Sir Henry Roscoe, and Mr. Jacob Bright. The modern municipal charter dates from 1838, and the episcopal see from 1847. The city was the centre of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and it has since been the headquarters of the National Reform Union, the United Kingdom Alliance for the Suppression of the Liquor Traffic, and the National Society for Woman Suffrage.

You may think that this large busy centre can furnish little motive for art, literature, or romance; but man is man under the black pall of Manchester smoke as truly as in the gardens of Bagdad or under the shadow of the Acropolis. Whitman has found poetry in a steam-engine, and Bret Harte in a Western railway station, and you can extract all the elements of poetry from Lancashire if you know how.

Edwin Waugh's Poems,

written in the Lancashire dialect, are full of pathos and of the tenderest emotion. And Lancashire has inspired three women novelists who have depicted aspects of her life: Mrs. Gaskell, in "Mary Barton" and other stories; Mrs. Hodgson Burnett, in "Haworths'" and "That Lass o' Lowrie's"; and Mrs. G. Linnæus Banks, in "The Manchester Man."

C.

MANCHESTER MIRRORED: MANCHESTER TOWNHALL.
From the famous Frith Series of Popular Photographs, taken by Messrs. Frith and Co., Reigate.

A NEW ENGLAND IDYL.

I escorted her to supper, and on terrapin I fed her,
Yet I noticed some anxiety depicted in her eye;
Supper over, to the ball-room and her chaperon I led her,
And on leaving heard her murmur in a solemn sort of sigh:
"I got so filled up with turtles that I hadn't room for pie!"

Though you:—
Rub! Rub! Rub!
And you:—
Scrub! Scrub! Scrub!
You'll find that
It's not in your power
In the old-fashioned way
To do in a day
What Hudson's
Will do in an hour.
Linen, Shirts, Collars, Sheets, Table-Cloths, &c., keep a good colour if washed regularly with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP.—A pure, dry Soap in fine powder. Hudson's leaves no smell.—[ADVT.]

WASTED FORCES.

THE NARRATIVE OF A RESPECTABLE HOUSEHOLDER.

BY GEOFFREY THORN.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Screwcrank left me suddenly with three quarters owing, the chimney-glass cracked, and the second-floor carpet that worn with his thinking—for he was a great thinker, and paced the room morning and night—I will say this for him, that he was the cleverest single gentleman I ever let to, and was shamefully neglected by Government. He was the handiest man in the world to do little odd things about the place—a nail here, a screw there, or any little thing, even to making the weights of the Dutch clock in Susan's bed-room wake her noiseless at six punctual by tipping her bandbox off the shelf on to her face. Nothing else would do, for, what with the worry of the lodgers, Susan got deaf and dumb to bells.

Mr. Screwcrank was what was called a civilised engineer, I believe, and was a great inventor, who wanted to do a great deal of good for his country, only his country was that obstinate it wouldn't let him.

His great invention was what he called wasted forces. I never could quite understand them, but he always carried them about with him on great rolls of cartridge-paper. They were his only luggage when he came, but he said millions of pounds would not buy them, and he expected to be the richest man in England when he got his rights. The way that poor man had been treated was really scandalous. He was, as he often told me in confidence, the real inventor of railways, and steam, and telegraphs, and things of that sort; but somebody always took advantage of him, and stole his plans, or thought of them first, which was quite as hard.

"Mrs. Puddicomb," he would say, "there is nothing that is beyond the ingenuity of man. Say the word, Ma'am, and I could turn this house upside down by the mere power of sentry frugal force."

"Mr. Screwcrank," would be my reply, "I believe it; but it is quite unnecessary, for only give Susan the keys of the cupboards, and the police force and she would turn the house out of windows."

In a general way he was the pleasantest-spoken man I ever knew, with the exception of the late Mr. P.; but when his mind was on the wasted forces he would say the strangest of things.

"Mrs. Puddicomb," he would break out, "you, Ma'am, are a wasted force. You rob mankind of millions of tons of power which might be profitably used in the service of the world."

"Lor', Mr. S.," I would say, "how you talk! Me wasted?"

"Yes, Ma'am: absolutely wasted! You go up and down stairs all day—so does Susan. Now, Ma'am, say you weigh half a ton."

"Lor', Mr. S.!" I said.

"Only suppose, Ma'am. Say you weigh half a ton. Half a ton of pressure applied to a lever would lift half a hundred tons. Suppose every stair in this house were constructed to act on a lever, and every lever applied to the creation of motive power. What follows? You go up thirty stairs, and involuntarily bring to bear fifteen hundred tons of pressure. Apply that lever pressure to multiplying mechanism, you multiply the fifteen hundred tons by five hundred, and there you are."

He always concluded with "and there you are," to which I would reply: "To be sure, Mr. Screwcrank"; for, whether you understood him or not, he used the words with such a flourish that there was no contradicting him.

"Take the door knocker, Ma'am," he would say, "which, what with the post, runaways, and the tradesmen, appears to be going all day in this house—that represents a distinctly wasted force. At present it fulfils but one duty—to call Susan from the nasty deep—but apply to that knocker a rachet and a lever, Ma'am, and, on the principle of the common or garden pendulum in your kitchen clock, it would lift a scuttle of coals to the garret landing. Then Susan herself—*she* is a wasted force."

"Wasted indeed!" I said. "Ten pounds a year and all found is the lap of luxury for a girl who every quarter of her lazy life breaks more than her own weight in china."

"Susan, Ma'am," said Mr. Screwcrank, "sometimes — yes, sometimes — answers the lodgers' bells. Susan toils up the staircase with a can of water, say. That's wrong: the action should be reversed. Place a pulley at the top of the well-staircase, add a double rope, attach Susan to one end and a carrier bucket to the other, and Susan going upstairs lets down the tea-things from the third storey, and, vice versa, coming downstairs pulls up by her own natural weight the water-can—and there you are."

We tried this, but, as on the very first occasion the pulley was worked Susan let go her end of the rope, the attic's tea-things came down with a smash, and I told her to go on wasting her forces—if she had any—as usual.

Still, Mr. Screwcrank was a man of deep science. He had a plan in black and white for making the Thames tides turn water-wheels and work dynamites for the lighting of all London by electricity; and as for the wind, why, he declared that Nature, there, had sent us a force to which steam-power was a delusion and a snare, and which, he said, we wasted like the Periodical Son.

"The gale, Ma'am, that last week blew down part of our chimney-stack, and carried some of the roof into the back yard, might, if properly directed by science, have ground your coffee for breakfast. Every respectable householder should have her own windmill, and certainly no place of worship should be without it. Attach a windmill to every church steeple in London, and it would blow all the organs!"

Railway trains, as he often told me, represent I don't know how many million billion tons of wasted force daily. He showed me the figures, quite precise to a dot and a one, from which I gathered that he must have weighed them.

A train representing so many hundred tons pressure went, he said, four hundred miles a day, representing four hundred miles of lost opportunity. At present, the train only wore out the rails, and its force was lost. But say the road was constructed in short sections on the principle of undulating balances—which, on the plan, looked like a plank placed unequally on a log for children to play see-saw with—and by its own action the train worked fifty cranks in a mile, and thus gave power to any proper mechanism that might be applied to it.

"Apply this force to a line of pumps and acquiducks," said Mr. Screwcrank, "and the question of bringing a sea bath to London or a water supply from the Cumberland lakes is solved."

The traffic that went every day across London Bridge might, he said, if that structure were arranged on the see-saw principle, grind enough corn to feed half London, and without the slightest cost to the inhabitants.

Every door or window that you opened in your house might have mechanism applied to it that would secure some useful purpose, and the non-application of cart, cab, and bus wheels to similar purposes be considered a national scandal.

"Every wheel that turns," he said, "would turn something else"—the question of what, was not material at present.

I do not know when it was that he began to turn his attention to a wasted force on our drawing-room floor. I mean the wasted force of the pent-up affections of Miss Dorothea Dunlove, my only lady lodger. She was fifty if she was a day—for I found her birth certificate in her teaddy the day when I opened it to—*dust it*. She may say what she likes about thirty-five, I know better. I have no jealousy of Miss Dunlove, goodness knows. Mr. Screwcrank was nothing to me, and never was; but that she was a designing cat, and that it served her right, will be my opinion to my dying day. With Susan in the house, there was no need of him to borrow coals from the first floor, but that it began in that way Susan will take her solemn oath. It is all very well for Miss Dunlove to say now I was setting my cap at him, and sent Susan up and down-stairs unnecessarily to prevent them meeting on the landing. It is nothing more or less than definition of character, for which the third floor, who is in the law, says I could bring my action any day.

It first became conspicuous when Mr. Screwcrank went into the drawing-room to show Miss Dunlove how to consume her own smoke, which she did by swallowing it, for, as he blocked the chimney and filled the house with it, she could not well consume anything else. It was bad enough to have the fire-engine fetched and the sweep knocking the knocker off the door for a chimney fire, to say nothing of ruination to every bit of furniture in the house; but it was worse for Miss Dunlove to fall into a dead faint in Mr. Screwcrank's arms, and cling to him like an octopus.

From that time it was as plain as the nose on her face—and goodness knows that was plain enough—that Miss Dunlove was making a dead set at Mr. Screwcrank. My interest in the wasted forces was nothing to hers. She, I believe, ate, drank, and slept wasted forces. Certainly she never wasted any of *her* forces, for she was eternally at the man.

When he brought out his invention to utilise the wasted police force by fitting them with advertising helmets, it was she, I know, who paid for the patent, for Mr. Screwcrank, poor fellow! never had much ready money of his own. It was all very well for Miss Dunlove to take a sudden fancy to the parks, and make a display of going out alone to visit them: she didn't suppose that I could not hear Mr. Screwcrank go out ten minutes after and come home ten minutes later. Besides, Mr. Screwcrank got into a most suspicious habit of paying his rent. Wasted forces indeed! It must have cost her a pretty penny out of her aunt Jane's property to supply the waste that began to be apparent in Mr. Screwcrank's *financial* forces. The potman at the Jerry's Arms told Susan that Mr. Screwcrank lost more money at billiards there than any single gentleman who used the house; while his new clothes and patent-leather boots were, as Susan herself remarked, quite a treat to brush.

Mr. Screwcrank might say what he liked about remittances from the country and midnight meetings at scientific institutions. You may deceive a vain, empty-headed old maid, but I will defy you, with your clothes full of tobacco smoke and a race-card left on your dressing-table, to hoodwink a widow and the mother of six.

With such goings on I was not unprepared to hear that the first floor and second floor meant to make a match of it—or rather, I should say, the first floor did. I believe she drove him to it, first by lending him money and then stopping the supply, for he began to run short, and then the proposal came sudden, with Susan on her knees at the drawing-room keyhole listening to every word. The airs that woman gave herself when she announced the fact to me! No old hen ever made such a noise over an addled egg. One would have thought that all the wasted forces of the earth had been utilised by Mr. Screwcrank for her special happiness.

She gave me notice, of course, not on account of words, though we had a few, but because she intended to go into housekeeping. Still, I showed no malice, and when the wedding-day arrived I consented to go to the church, and have the breakfast laid in my own parlour. Why should I show malice? Mr. Screwcrank was nothing to me!

I never shall forget the day or its consequences. We drove to the church—Mr. Screwcrank, Miss Dunlove, Susan, and I—in a four-wheeler. Miss Dunlove was jubilant, but Mr. Screwcrank, poor fellow! seemed nervous and dull. We had the church pretty well all to ourselves, and as we stood at the altar waiting for the clergyman, Mr. Screwcrank was evidently evolving some scheme for utilising the often-wasted pulpit forces of that establishment, when I saw him suddenly turn pale and stare at a distant pew. I followed his eyes, and saw a woman facing him. Miss Dunlove saw nothing, being at that moment absorbed in the Ten Commandments over the Communion table. He stammered something about the cabman, and hurriedly walked, almost ran, out of the building. We waited for him to come back, but he never came. Susan went to fetch him, and found both he and the cab gone for ever. He had not seen a ghost, but one of

THE WONDERFUL EQUESTRIAN LION ENGAGED FOR COVENT-GARDEN CIRCUS.

his particularly wasted forces. *The woman in the pew was his lawful wife!*

Miss Dunlove, when she realised the fact, fainted dead away, and screamed so desperately that the sexton had to dab her face with water from the baptismal font. Her forces in the hysterical line were not wasted, I assure you.

We never saw Mr. Screwcrank again—he had led his poor wife a sad life, it appeared—but I never read in the papers of anyone proposing to utilise anything for the benefit of his country without feeling a cold shudder going down my back, and a ghastly fear that Mr. Screwcrank will one day knock at my door and ask me to inspect the plans.

CYCLE & CAMERA

AMATEUR photographers will be interested in the little view I publish this week to show what can be done by the amateur with a camera. It was sent to me by Mr. Whitgreaves, who says that the view of a Richmond road was taken by him after two lessons on a "Lancaster Instantograph Camera," with his patent drop shutter. He does not say, however, whether he developed it himself; and it is in developing the plate that the real difficulty comes in. By the way, Mr. Whitgreaves seems satisfied with the success of his attachment: he tells me it has been spoken well of by military cyclists.

Important and good work is being done in a quiet way by a committee of the Cyclists' Touring Club, which has under consideration the question of duty charged on cycles taken into foreign countries by their owners. Mr. J. S. Whatton, Mr. S. A. Stead, and Mr. Joseph Pennell form this committee. All three know from their own experience a good deal about touring and about the Continent, and men more competent for the task could not have been selected.

It is well enough known by this time that while at certain French ports you can take your cycle in free, as at Dieppe, at others you are obliged to deposit a by no means light duty, as at Calais. It is true that if you leave the country within three months it will be returned to you with a small deduction, but anyone who has had to collect his money at the end of his trip need not be told what a nuisance this is. In Belgium and Holland, I understand, there is no duty, but in other Continental countries the unfortunate cyclist does not get off so easily. Now, what the members of this new committee are working for is to have this duty done away with at all foreign ports and frontiers, so that the cyclist can journey as freely from one end of the Continent to the other as from Land's End to John o' Groat's.

It will require time and hard work to accomplish this good end. But it is one worth waiting and working for, if, once accomplished, it will induce a greater number of cyclists to try the good roads of the Continent.

I see that Mr. F. C. Williams has written to the *Cyclist* to say that, relying upon information and experiences there given in connection with Constitution Hill, he tried in his turn to ride from Buckingham Palace Gate to Hyde Park-corner, but was stopped by a park-keeper. It is clear that there is still a difference of opinion among the keepers as to the cyclist's rights there. The matter ought to be looked into, and I am glad that the London representative of the *Cyclist* has taken it upon himself to write to the proper authorities for a decision on this point.

My correspondent who wanted to assert his rights in Hyde Park writes me: "Having seen your notice of my spin in 'St. James's Park,' I beg to say I wanted to put 'Hyde Park,' but was told by others 'who ought to have known better' that it was St. James's Park I must mean. I accept your little sermon with good grace, and quite agree that I was too bold that time, though I would remind you that the road outside along the park side is very rough, and not half so enjoyable owing to its bad state. To ride 'hands off' inside I found no trouble: but out on the main road two hands always on the bar is the only way of being sure of your life." I have always found that Parkinson answered my purpose well enough, and was, on the whole, easy going.

Speaking of roads, I am struck with the energy and enthusiasm with which American cyclists are going in for the improvement of their highways. In *Bicycling World* for Nov. 29 almost four pages are devoted to the report of a speech on the subject delivered to the citizens of Syracuse, New York, by Colonel Pope, the cycle manufacturer, so well known in England. It is the most exhaustive speech, pointing out the advantages of good roads, not only for the cyclist, but for the farmer, the merchant, and, in fact, for all members of the community. The same paper quotes Mr. G. A. Townsend's letter to the Washington *Star*, advocating the building of national roads by the national Government, and also refers to the measures that have been taken for the improvement of the roads of Rhode Island. Something ought to come of all this agitation on the subject—agitation by no means confined to cyclists in America.

It may be news to racing men to hear that several new tracks are in the course of formation. One which will especially benefit South Londoners, and ought to take the place of the declining Crystal Palace track, is promised at Herne Hill, in the most convenient situation, most marvellously adapted for the purpose. There is talk of another at Balham, and still another at Kensal-green station, on the North London Railway. If one of these goes through, and is more accessible than Paddington, it will be a boon to racing men, and more especially to spectators.

The entries for the Stanley Show closed last Saturday. This show is, without doubt, *the* event of the winter season.

N. C. U.

THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH OF AN AMATEUR CYCLIST.

THE DUTCH CHEMIST.

INDIGNANT PHYSICIAN: "Man, what have you done? You sent my patient the wrong prescription, and it killed him."

Druggist: "Vell, vat vas der matter mit you? Last week I send your odder patient der right berscribtion, and dot killed him. How can somebody blease sooch a man?"

A COLOURED IRISHMAN.

"AND now," said the coloured preacher, "let us pray for the people on the uninhabited portions of the earth."

NO ACCOUNTING FOR TASTE.

CHIPPIE: "Yaas, Gladstone is a gweat man, but I'd wather be Bwight, doncherknow?"

Chappie: "John Bwight is dead, deah boy."

Chippie: "Aw, I mean the fellah who intwoduced Bwight's disease. The Fwinch has taken it up, doncherknow."

THE TALE OF A KISS.

I STOLE a wee kiss—
I shall ne'er steal another.
In a transport of bliss
I stole a wee kiss:
But the pretty young miss
Had a pretty big brother.
I stole a wee kiss—
I shall ne'er steal another.

"THE OLD, OLD STORY."

REGISTRAR of Voters: "How old are you, Madam?"

Ancient Female: "I have seen nineteen summers, Sir."

Registrar: "Er—um! How long have you been blind?"

"NEXT, PLEASE!"

A row of human forms,
With faces upturned, white,
Arrayed in shrouds and motionless,
I saw one fateful night.

The group who sat around,
And talked on slight pretext,
Could not conceal their questioning,
Whose turn will happen next:

Was battle-field in view,
Where shot and shell had ceased:
Dissecting-room or hospital,
Where souls had been released:

Were tenants of the Morgue
Uplifting mute appeal
That charity's swift burial
Might sanction loss of zeal:

Oh, no! 'twas none of these
Impatient gaze enslaved—
The forms were in a barber's shop,
And slowly being shaved!

NOBODY KNEW.

As he stalked down the street in his ulster so fine,
Proud of bearing and haughty of glance,
Nobody knew that his coat was sunshine,
That his trousers were five-shilling pants.

IN THE LINE OF BUSINESS.

"WHERE did you get your dictatorial ways, anyhow?" asked Henpeck.

"From you, while I was your typewriter," retorted Mrs. H.

THE SMOKING CARRIAGE.

CONDUCTOR (sharply): "Madam, this is the smoking carriage."

Old Lady from Ireland (gratefully): "Why, so it is! Thankee." [Produces old clay pipe and proceeds to enjoy herself.]

THE DOCTORS SAY THAT IT IS POISON.

CAPTIVE.—"Hold on! Give me five minutes to smoke a cigarette first!"

CHORUS OF NATIVES. "Wow! Cigarette-smoker no good to eat—poison us all—let him go—wow!"

BOW BELLS ANNUAL.
"NOT A FRIEND IN THE WORLD."
By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.
Illustrated by H. Fenton.
Price ONE SHILLING: per post, 2d. extra.
Price 6d.: per post, 8d.

BOW BELLS ALMANACK, 1890.
This Almanack contains an official list of all the Members of Parliament, the Peerage, Members of the Privy Council, and Members of the County Council, revised to date.
It is a storehouse of information in regard to the British Empire, the Church, Government Finances, Commerce, Carriage of Parcels, Postal Regulations, Customs, Licenses, Prisons, Courts of Judge and Assizes, Fasts and Festivals, Royalty, University, Hospitals, Schools, Prime Ministers for the last half-century, Presidents of the United States, Sporting Events (Donovan's Victories), Astronomical and other Phenomena, the science of Time, &c.
Price 2d. each: per post, 2½d.

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THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH: A Fairy Tale of Home. By Charles Dickens.
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100 LABELS cut and gummed, with your name neatly printed thereon, eight stamps. H. PETERS, Tovil, Maidstone.

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Wholesale and Export Confectioner,
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Town and Country Dealers will find no better house. Trade Price-Lists free by post. All orders to the amount of £2 and upwards carriage paid to any railway-station within 250 Miles of London; beyond that distance 5 per cent will be allowed off Invoice in lieu of carriage; small orders to the amount of £1 carriage paid within Carter, Paterson, and Co.'s delivery. Goods delivered in town and suburbs by our own vans daily. Send for List of Christmas Goods, now ready.

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DRURY-LANE (THE NATIONAL THEATRE). AUGUSTUS HARRIS, Sole Lessee and Manager. BOXING NIGHT and Twice Daily. Augustus Harris's Pantomime, JACK AND THE BEANSTALK, Written by Henry Nicholls and Augustus Harris, to be produced on a scale of magnificence surpassing in magnificence the displays offered to the public by Mr. Augustus Harris in previous years, and performed by a company of comedians each of whom is an acknowledged attraction in himself. Box-office open daily from Ten to Six.

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LYCEUM.—THE DEAD HEART. EVERY EVENING, at Eight o'clock, THE DEAD HEART. Mr. Henry Irving and Miss Ellen Terry. Box-office (Mr. J. Hugh Gilbert) open Ten to Five. Seats also booked by letter or telegram. LYCEUM.

WATCHES.—In Bankruptcy. 500 Solid SILVER WATCHES, four holes jewelled, 10s. 6d. each: superior ditto, 12s. 6d. Being genuine, carry one's best time. Approval. BENNETT, Practical Maker, Accountant, and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey. Lists and Prices of others post-free.

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WHY go to large shops and pay five guineas, when you can buy the same with a five-years warranty for Two Guineas? Sent on approval post-free.—BENNETT, Practical Maker and Valuer to the Trade, Mitcham, Surrey.

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500 LARGE MARBLE CLOCKS, variegated pillars, going 15 days, 12s. 6d. each. Any sent on approval, with five years' warranty.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

MUSICAL BOXES—IN BANKRUPTCY.
150 LARGE powerful-tone BOXES, playing six tunes, 38s.: usual price, £4 4s. Ditto, playing eight tunes, extra large, £2 2s.: usual price, £5 5s. Any sent on approval. Lists of tunes post-free.—BENNETT, Accountant, Mitcham, Surrey.

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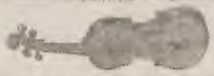

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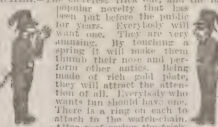

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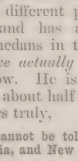

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LET BYGONES BE BYGONES, OR SAY TRUTH IS A LIE, BUT DO NOT SAY WE CAN NOT LOVE.

AT HOME, MY HOUSEHOLD GOD; ABROAD, MY "VADE MECUM."

A GENERAL OFFICER, writing from Ascot on Jan. 2, 1886, says: "Blessings on your 'FRUIT SALT'! I trust it is not profane to say so, but in common parlance I swear by it. Here stands the cherished bottle on the chimneypiece of my sanctum, my little idol—at home my household god; abroad, my 'vade mecum.' Think not this the rhapsody of a hypochondriac. No; it is only the outpouring of a grateful heart. The fact is, I am, in common, I daresay, with numerous old fellows of my age (67), now and then troubled with a tiresome liver. No sooner, however, do I use your cheery remedy than exit pain—'Richard is himself again!' So highly do I value your composition that, when taking it, I grudge even the sediment that will always remain at the bottom of the glass. I give, therefore, the following advice to those wise persons who have learned to appreciate its inestimable benefits—

When Eno's Salt betimes you take
No waste of this Elixir make;
But drain the dregs, and lick the cup
Of this, the perfect pick-me-up."

WRITING again on Jan. 24, 1888, he adds: "Dear Sir,—A year or two ago I addressed you in grateful recognition of the never-failing virtues of your world-famed remedy. The same old man in the same strain now salutes you with the following—

When Time, who steals our years away,
Shall steal our pleasures too,
Eno's 'Fruit Salt' will prove our stay.
And still our health renew."

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THE SECRET OF SUCCESS—STERLING HONESTY OF PURPOSE; WITHOUT IT LIFE IS A SHAM! "A new invention is brought before the public, and commands success. A score of abominable imitations are immediately introduced by the unscrupulous, who, in copying the original closely enough to deceive the public, and yet not so exactly as to infringe upon legal rights, exercise an ingenuity that, employed in an original channel, could not fail to secure reputation and profit."—Adams.

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CAUTION.—Examine each Bottle, and see that the Capsule is marked **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT."** Without it, you have been imposed on by a worthless imitation. Sold by all Chemists.

PREPARED ONLY AT ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E., BY J. C. ENO'S PATENT.

C. BURTON BARBER.

"HOW LIKE GRANDMA!!"

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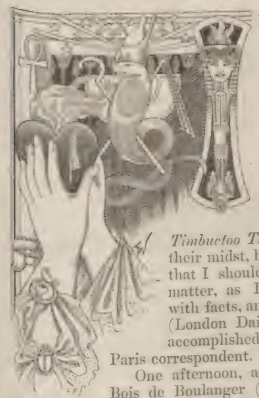
THE EMPRESS EMILY ANN.

A TALE OF 1891.

BY GEO. R. SIMS.



IN the year 1891 I was in Paris. I had been sent there as a special correspondent for the London edition of the *Timbuctoo Times*. I have never been able to understand by what process of reasoning a Timbuctoo firm arrived at the conclusion that Londoners wanted a *Timbuctoo Times* published daily in their midst, but there is no necessity that I should air my views on the matter, as I have simply to deal with facts, and the *Timbuctoo Times* (London Daily Edition) is a very accomplished fact, and I am its Paris correspondent.

One afternoon, as I was riding in the Bois de Boulanger (the Bois de Boulogne had been so named during the short period that the brav' Général was President of the Republic), I heard a series of piercing shrieks uttered behind me. I turned, and saw a lady on horseback. The lady had lost all control of the horse. It had bolted. In a moment the animal had dashed past me. I made a wild attempt to seize the reins as it passed, but without success, and away flew the animal, amid the cries and exclamations of the bystanders.

The lady's groom passed me in another moment at a mad gallop. We were the only equestrians in the Bois.

"Who is she?" I exclaimed.

"The Empress!" he replied.

"What!" I cried, for I fancied my ears must have deceived me.

"She is indeed, Sir," said the man, whose face was as white as death. "She would ride out what she calls incognito, and that's why I haven't got the Imperial livery on. She was going her rounds of charity, and she always goes unknown then. My poor mistress! Whatever shall we do?"

By this time the horse and the Empress were out of sight.

"Do?" I exclaimed. "Why, ride after her."

"Impossible," he replied; "the horse she is riding is one of the swiftest animals ever foaled!"

"Mine can beat it," I said calmly.

"Go on with you, you don't know what you are talking about," replied the groom, who was an Englishman.

"Indeed I do. The horse that I am riding is the famous Ortolan, who won eighteen races for the Duke of Westminster and was never beaten once. The Duke was offered a little over his value for him, and, being a poor man, took it, and let the horse go to Timbuctoo. On the voyage the horse became seriously ill, and, thinking it was dead, it was flung into the sea. I happened to be cruising about in the *Timbuctoo Times* yacht, and came upon the body. I recognised it as Ortolan by the white blaze on the nose and three white hairs on the tail. I got it on board, applied restoratives, and was presently rewarded by a gentle neigh. Since then my famous Ortolan has accompanied me everywhere I go. The world, including Don Juan de Boko, the Timbuctoo millionaire, who bought the horse, believe it to be at the bottom of the sea, John. You and I know better."

I called him John because that is the name of most English grooms.

"A very interesting story, Sir," replied John, "and I'm very glad to see old Ortolan again, for I backed him for the Derby, the Leger, the Lancashire Plate, the Kempton Park Royal Stakes, and for all his races as a four-year-old, but while we're talking the Empress may be lying on the ground unattended, perhaps dying."

"True," I replied, and with that I touched Ortolan gently with my spurs, and in a moment we were flying forward in pursuit of the fugitives.

The gallant racehorse seemed to know that a lady's fate depended on his speed. He beat all his previous

"The gallant racehorse seemed to know that a lady's fate depended on his speed."

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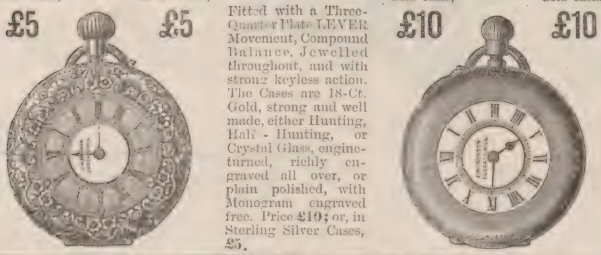

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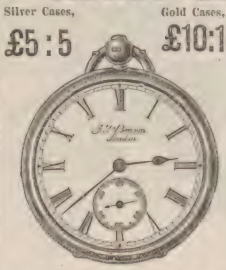

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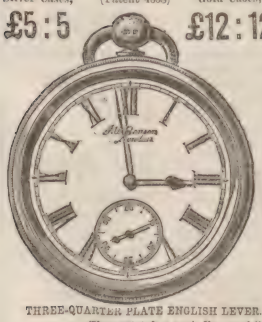

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"HAVE ONE WITH ME."

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Lancet.—"Pure and very soluble."
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Forty-one Prize Medals awarded to J. S. FRY and SONS, BRISTOL, LONDON, and SYDNEY, N.S.W.

records: the trees, the roads, the houses seemed to fly past us with a whizz. In five minutes we had caught the Empress up. Her horse was dead-beat, and was slowing down, but the Empress had fainted. In a moment she would have slipped from the saddle.

Just in the nick of time I reached her side, and, seizing her horse, stopped it. It had shot its bolt, and stood like a lamb while I lifted the unconscious Empress of the French from the saddle.

We were quite alone in a deserted part of the Bois de Boulanger.

As I lifted her from the saddle she sank to the ground. I raised the thick veil she wore over her face in order to give her air.

It was the first time I had seen the Empress, as I had only arrived in Paris a few days previously.

As the features of the fair occupant of the throne of France were revealed to me I gave a gasp of surprise.

"Emily Ann!" I exclaimed.

The Empress opened her eyes.

"Where am I?" she murmured; then, as the situation gradually dawned upon her, she looked up at me.

"Merci, mille fois merci, Monsieur," she said in French. Then, stopping suddenly, she cried, "Good heavens above, do my eyes deceive me? Are you not Master George?"

It was the old familiar name of my childhood that the Imperial lips uttered.

"Yes, Emily Ann, I am; but tell me, how in the name of goodness is it that I find in the Empress of the French that Emily Ann who was a faithful little nursegirl in my mother's family many years ago?"

"Ah, it is a strange story," replied the Empress of the French, "but I have no time to tell it you now. Will you help me to mount my horse again? I must ride back to the Palace at once, before the Emperor has had time to become alarmed."

I assisted the Empress, who was now quite recovered, to mount her horse. I was so bewildered by my strange discovery that I was unable to make any further observations.

As soon as she was in the saddle, and had patted her horse's neck, the Empress gave me her hand.

"Good-bye for the present," she said, "and thank you very much. To-night the Ministers dine with us, but if to-morrow night you will dine with the Emperor and myself, quietly and *en famille*, I shall be so pleased, and then I will tell you my strange life's story."

"Certainly, Emily Ann—I mean your Majesty," I replied. "I accept your invitation with pleasure."

"We dine at eight," said the Empress; then, with a graceful wave of the hand, she said "Clk" to her horses, and rode back rapidly in the direction of Paris.

"Well, I never!" I exclaimed, as I remained glued to the spot. "Here's little Emily Ann, who was our under-nursemaid years ago, and whom I and my sister teased nearly out of her life, Empress of the French." I knew that the Emperor, who was proclaimed after the downfall of Boulanger, married an English lady whom he met abroad, but I never imagined that it was the Emily Ann who was nursemaid to my little sisters many years ago.

* * * * *

The next evening, punctually at eight, I arrived at the new Imperial Palace, which had been erected on the site of the old Tuileries, and was shown into the White Drawing-room. The Empress rose to receive me, and presented me to the Emperor,

The Emperor I found a very charming fellow. He was about five-and-thirty, and what the French call "bel homme." I knew he had been a sailor, and much of the free-and-easy manner of the naval officer remained with him in his greatness.

"My dear Sir," he said, as he led me to a seat on the sofa between himself and the Empress, "my wife has told me of your former acquaintance. I am delighted to meet you."

I glanced at the Empress. How much had she told the Emperor of her past life?

"Henri knows everything, you need have no fear." Husband and wife exchanged a glance of mutual love and confidence, and I felt at my ease directly.

I was much struck with Emily Ann's perfect behaviour at table. She was every inch an Empress, and I felt that much credit was due to her, as she had practically raised herself from the position of a little London maid-of-all-work to the Imperial Purple.

It was a charming dinner, and as soon as it was over the Empress rose and left us to our cigars.

"Do not be long, Henri dear," she said, "for I want Master George to hear my story to-night. I have dismissed my ladies, and shall wait for you in the Japanese boudoir."

* * * * *

It was just midnight when I quitted the Imperial Palace. The Empress shook me warmly by the hand, and the Emperor invited me to bring my luggage and make the palace my home during my stay in the French capital. I was very glad to get out into the fresh, cool air of the night. I wanted to feel the breezes upon my brow, I wanted to look upon the lights of Paris, I wanted to be on the boulevards to see the gay cafés and the bustling crowd, I wanted to make sure that I was wide awake and not the victim of a disordered dream. The story that the Empress Emily Ann had told me was so marvellous that had I not personally known her as a maid-of-all-work I should have believed to my dying day that she was endeavouring to impose upon my credulity.

On my return to my apartments in the Rue Louis le Grand I at once sat down and wrote out from memory the whole of the Empress's remarkable story.

I give it as nearly as possible in her Majesty's own words.

* * * * *

I was born of poor but educated parents. My father was the son of a gentleman by birth named Smythe, and my mother was a governess at a National school. Soon after my parents married my father lost his fortune, and became a clerk at the Docks. One day a heavy bale of goods which was being unloaded from a ship fell on him owing to a crane accident, and killed him. My mother never recovered the shock, and at the age of five I was left an orphan. Some kind people got me into a charity school, where I was brought up until I was fifteen, and then I was put to service. My first place was that of under-nursemaid in the family of a gentleman who is now a well-known journalist [here the Empress looked across at me and smiled], but when I left, owing to a little misunderstanding with the head nurse, I determined to go where there were no other servants, and I obtained a situation as general servant in a house in the Lambeth-road. The house, I soon discovered, was let out in lodgings, and the place was a very hard one. My mistress, "the landlady," as she was generally called, had a peculiar connection—all the lodgers were connected with the "show" business. At one time we had a house full of Hungarian young lady musicians; at another, a party of Zulus, who were exhibiting at the Aquarium, were deposited with us by their manager. While I was there I waited upon a Russian Princess who played the violin at the music-halls, a family of Japanese acrobats, a tattooed lady and gentleman, a troupe of Lap-

"Fancy a nervous girl, brought up in a Christian country, opening a door in a Christian room in a Christian house, and seeing a lot of savages whirling themselves round, and throwing javelins at each other, with serpents halfway down their throats, while a lot of other serpents sat up on their tails with their tongues out, and hissed at them!"

landers, a family all over hair (who looked like ourang-outangs), and a troupe of Spaniards who performed at the Exhibition. Some of these people were very peculiar in their habits and eccentric in their behaviour, and sometimes I thought I had better take a place in a lunatic asylum at once. But the most remarkable lodgers we ever had were a lot of Arabs from Algeria, who swallowed swords and put knives through their noses and ears, and ate live serpents and glass bottles, and sucked red-hot pokers, and did such dreadful things that it made your blood run cold to look at them.

These people called themselves the Aissaouas, and they performed at a Hall at the West-End. When they came I didn't know what they were, and so the first morning when I went into their sitting-room to lay their breakfast I was so horrified at what I saw that I dropped the tray on the floor, smashing all the crockery, and ran out of the room with my hair on end, screaming.

I really wonder I didn't lose my reason from the shock. Fancy a nervous girl, brought up in a Christian country, opening a door in a Christian room in a Christian house, and seeing a lot of savages whirling themselves round, and throwing javelins at each other, with serpents halfway down their throats, while a lot of other serpents sat up on their tails with their tongues out and hissed at them!

They were only practising, I learned afterwards, but I certainly ought to have been warned before I went in.

I was so terrified that I should have given notice and left, but for the old Professor who lived at the top of the house. He was a very old gentleman, with a long white beard and long white hair falling all over his shoulders, was the Professor, and he was our only lodger who wasn't in the show business.

I waited on him, and I liked him very much, because he was so kind and gentle. He was a very clever man, and I heard mistress tell someone that he could speak and write forty languages, some of them so old that everybody else had forgotten them. But when his eyesight grew bad he lost his situation at the British Museum, and had to live on a small pension, and that is why he came to us. I often thought it very hard for a clever man like that to have barely any comforts up in his garret, while the people in the parlour who swallowed swords and balanced feathers on the ends of their noses lived on the fat of the land.

But that is the way of the world.

When I went upstairs to take the old Professor his breakfast after I had been so frightened, and he saw that I had been crying, he asked me what was the matter, and I told him everything.

Then he explained to me what these people were, for it seems he knew all about them, having studied their language in their own country. He told me they were impostors, and all they did was only trickery, just like other conjurors, and that I needn't be frightened of the serpents, as they were quite harmless. He also wrote a lot of queer signs on a piece of paper, and asked me to give it to Mr. Abdallah, the chief of the Aissaouas.

When I gave the note to Mr. Abdallah he seemed quite excited, and made me understand that he wanted to see the writer; so I took him upstairs: and if he and the Professor didn't begin talking away to each other just as comfortably as if they were talking English, though the Professor told me afterwards it was Arabic they talked!

Mr. Abdallah and the Professor became great friends after that, and when the Aissaouas were at home in their lodgings Mr. Abdallah was always upstairs with the Professor, smoking pipes and talking with him.

One day I found the Professor in great glee, poring over a queer-looking bit of leathery stuff, that he told me was a bit of parchment. It was covered with faded signs, and the Professor said, "Look, Emily Ann, what the good Abdallah has given me as a souvenir of his visit. This is thousands and thousands of years old. It dates from the time of Rameses II., the most famous of the Pharaohs, and is therefore over three thousand years old. By to-night I shall have deciphered the writing, and will tell you what it is about."

Of course I didn't know anything about Rameses then, and very little about any Pharaohs—only the one I'd read about in the Bible, who was so cruel to the Children of Israel—but I thought the Professor must be a bit touched to believe that bit of rag was thousands of years old.

But afterwards I knew what a wonderful thing it was and it was through the Professor reading it that I became Empress of the French.

[Here the Emperor pressed Emily Ann's hand lovingly, and they looked into each other's eyes.]

Yes [continued the Empress], I learnt all about it nearly a year after the Aissaouas had left and gone back to their own country. One night when I went upstairs to tidy up the old Professor's room I found him lying on the bed and looking very ill.

He beckoned me to him, and whispered, "Don't be alarmed, Emily Ann, I am dying."

"Oh, Sir," I said, "let me call a doctor."

"No," he said, "it is useless. I know that my end has come. I shall linger for some time, but I shall never get up again. Now, listen to me. You have been a kind, good girl to me, and I have no one in the world I care for, so I am going to leave you a fortune."

"Oh, Sir!" was all that I could say.

"Don't interrupt, Emily Ann," he said, "but listen to me attentively. Take the packet that is under my pillow."

I took it.

"That packet," said the poor old gentleman, "contains the parchment Mr. Abdallah gave me. It is yours, and now you must know its history. Abdallah's father found it many years ago in a rocky cleft among the hills in the oasis of Kufarah, in Tripoli, on the borders of the Lybian desert. Listen, and I will read you what those signs say. They are written in the hieroglyphics of the days of Rameses the Second, but I can read them. This is what the parchment says in English:—

"'I, Mneptah Khamis, General in the army of Rameses the King, am dying in the desert of Lybia. My soldiers have been slain, and I have crawled to this cleft in the lonely hills to die. I set out in search of the great treasure stolen from the great temple of Memphis, and known to have been buried in these hills. I had discovered the spot, when I was stricken down. It lies below this cleft in which I lie. Let this parchment be borne to my lord and master the King by whomsoever finds my body, that this vast treasure, stolen from the temple of the Gods, may be his. The cavern in which it lies is beyond the cleft. The secret is not known to the tribes of the desert. It was lost, and I alone have discovered it.'"

When the Professor had finished reading the parchment, I was dazed. I couldn't see what all the wonderful story had to do with me, and I said so.

"Emily Ann," exclaimed the Professor, "that treasure, which may be worth millions, is in the cavern beyond the cleft still. This parchment was found by Abdallah's father in the cleft. It had lain there under a rock through the ages—lain there thousands of years after the skeleton of the General of Rameses had become dust. You must go

"But on the very eve of the departure of the French troops quartered in Paris, the General, while reviewing them, was thrown from his famous black charger Tunis. . . . Boulanger fell heavily on the ground, and Tunis kicked him on his head."

to the Lybian desert and find this cavern, and the treasure is yours!"

I thought I should have fainted at the very idea. I, a poor general servant, go to a desert and find the treasure that had been taken from a temple thousands of years ago? It was too absurd.

But the Professor wouldn't listen to my objections. "In this packet, Emily Ann, you will find full instructions written out by me how you are to proceed. I have left you all my little fortune, some three hundred pounds that I have saved from my pension. It is all yours. When I am dead obey my instructions, or this treasure will lie in the Lybian desert until the world's end, and then it will be of no use to anyone."

* * * * *

A month after that the Professor died. I found that he had left me three hundred and fifty pounds, and a number of documents. I gave up my place, went into lodgings, and read the documents. What I read made me determine to carry out the Professor's wishes. He recommended me to disguise myself as a young Arab man, and stain my face with walnut juice. This I did the day before (obeying his written instructions) I went to Marseilles, and I there took a passage in a steamer of the Compagnie Transatlantique bound for Tunis.

In Tunis I stayed for a few days, waiting for a vessel for Tripoli, and it was in Tunis one morning that I met a handsome young French naval officer, whose name I afterwards learned was Henri de Bourbon.

One evening, while being rowed across the Bay of Tunis, a small steamer ran our little boat down, and I was flung into the water. When I came to my senses, I was lying in an elegant cabin, and an old gentleman was standing by my side.

He addressed me in Arabic, then in French, and I could not reply, not understanding him; but, in my confusion, I exclaimed, "Where am I?"

"Mon Dieu!" exclaimed the Doctor in broken English, "you are an Englishwoman."

I knew that my secret was discovered.

"Oh," I exclaimed, "do not betray me!"

"This is very strange," said the old gentleman; "I must call the Captain." He went out, and presently returned with the Captain of the French man-of-war on which I found afterwards I had been carried by the sailors who had rescued me.

The Captain, a handsome young fellow——

"Hush!" said the Emperor, interrupting, with a smile. "You make me blush. You must know, my dear Sir," continued the Emperor, "that at that time I was simply Henri de Bourbon, the direct descendant of Louis XVI. of France, through his son Louis, who escaped when a boy from the prison of the Temple (through the kindness of the cobbler Simon, who pretended his prisoner was dead), and who lived in retirement, unknown and unhonoured, for the rest of his life. I was merely a Captain in the French Navy, a servant of the French Republic, and had no idea beyond doing my duty loyally to the land of my birth. Now, my dear," he added, turning to the Empress, "proceed with your narrative."

The Captain [continued the Empress], whom my husband refuses to allow me to describe as handsome, returned with the old gentleman, who was the ship's surgeon, and was very much astonished when he learned that the young Arab who had been rescued from drowning in the bay was in reality a young English girl.

My confusion was intense, but the kindness of Captain de Bourbon soon put me at my ease. "My dear young lady," he said, in excellent English, "your secret is safe with us. Pray consider yourself an honoured guest on board my ship until you are thoroughly recovered from your accident."

I spent two days on board the vessel, the Captain's cabin being entirely given up to me. During those two days so great was the confidence with which the Captain inspired me that I told him my story, and placed all the documents in his hands.

He was deeply interested, but he utterly discouraged the idea of my making the journey to the Lybian desert alone. "There are a thousand dangers," he cried, "with which you will be utterly unable to contend."

"Must I then abandon the treasure?" I said.

"No; but you must let me assist you. I am entitled to six months' leave. If you will allow me to find an escort and appoint me the Captain of the force accompanying you, I shall be delighted."

I accepted the offer at once. I must confess that the idea of making that terrible journey to the Lybian desert alone had frequently caused me much uneasiness.

As soon as I was convalescent I returned to my hotel in Tunis. The Captain called upon me every day, and together we concocted plans for our expedition.

A few days before we were to start my Captain came to me, and I noticed that he seemed nervous and preoccupied.

"Is there anything the matter, M. De Bourbon?" I said.

He looked at me earnestly for a moment, then falling upon his knees, and, taking my hand in his, exclaimed, "Emily Ann, I can keep my secret no longer. I love you. Will you be my wife?"

For a moment I was so overcome by emotion that I could not reply.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you do not know how I love you—how I have loved you from the first moment I saw you. I am but a poor sea captain, but I am of illustrious birth, and I will make you happy."

"I also, Henri, am poor at present, but, though I confess to you now that I have been a domestic servant, I must tell you that I also am of good birth. My father was a gentleman; his father was the eighth son of a baronet whose ancestors were nobles of Britain when William the Conqueror landed. I tell you this because I love you, and I do not wish you to think that you are marrying beneath you."

"Then you love me, and will be my wife?"

My eyes answered him, for my lips trembled too violently to reply.

He clasped me in his arms and pressed his lips to mine, and went off at once to make arrangements for our marriage before the French Consul.

The day after our marriage we left Tunis, a detachment of native soldiers procured by my husband accompanying us, and for additional safety we took with us a dozen French bluejackets, who had obtained permission to accompany their captain.

We reached Tripoli in safety, and made our way on camels to the oasis of Kufarah. We had no difficulty in finding the cleft in the rocks where the General of Rameses died, as it was the only cleft in the desert.

We then ordered our escort to camp some distance off, and we searched for the treasure alone.

Passing straight through the cleft, we found a small opening overgrown with brushwood. Cutting this away, we found the narrow entrance to a cavern. Into this we penetrated, and then, following the Professor's written instructions—he knew how the ancients buried their treasures—we at last came upon some large metal boxes. The ancients must have been excellent workmen, for these boxes, though thousands of years old, were still intact. My husband broke them open with his pickaxe, and we found them full of gold and precious stones, and splendid ornaments, and vessels of gold, marvellously wrought. My husband declared that the value of this treasure was fabulous, and we have since realised over ten millions by the sale of a portion of it. We had made all our plans, and with the aid of the bluejackets, in whom we had every confidence, we loaded our camels and brought the treasure to Tripoli. There we took ship for Tunis, and, my husband having tendered his resignation to the French Admiralty, we set out for Paris with the treasure that had been taken from the Temple of Memphis before the days of Rameses II.

"Marvellous!" I exclaimed, interrupting the Empress. "If I hadn't known that you were always a truthful girl while in my mother's service, I should think—but, after all, you are an *Empress* now, and that is more wonderful still."

"No," replied the Empress, "it is very simple. On our return to Paris we found General Boulanger President. He had declared a war of Revenge against Germany, and Europe was in a state of wild excitement.

"But on the very eve of the departure of the French troops quartered in Paris, the General, while reviewing them, was thrown from his famous black charger Tunis—who had not been properly exercised and was very fresh. Boulanger fell heavily on the ground, and Tunis kicked him on his head. It was a very inglorious proceeding, and a bad omen. When the General had been put to bed it was found that his reason had been affected. He believed himself to be Bonaparte, and kept running to the window and declaring war against everybody.

"When he told his physicians he was going to conquer England and wipe out Waterloo, they felt that nothing more could be done for him, and sent him to the lunatic asylum at Charenton, where he still remains, poor fellow! To humour him, the attendants call him Bonaparte, and assure him that England and Germany are now annexed to France, and that the Kaiser and his aged English grandmamma are prisoners on the island of St. Helena."

"But how did your husband become Emperor, Emily Ann?" I exclaimed.

"Well, he was a Bourbon, as you know, and he was the direct descendant of Louis XVI. When Boulanger fell, he happened to be a spectator of the scene.

"He ran forward and seized Tunis and leapt upon his back. 'Frenchmen,' he cried, 'I am Henri de Bourbon. Boulanger would have led you to war and ruin; let me counsel you to remain at peace, and think only of the prosperity of our beloved country.'

"His words had a magical effect. Instantly the crowd cried, 'Vive, Henri de Bourbon! Vive L'Empereur!' Ah, it was a wonderful spectacle. That night there was a bloodless revolution. France was sick of the petty jealousies of the intriguers of all the parties. She longed to be an Empire again. The citizens came in a body to our house in the Faubourg St. Germain. 'Will you be our Emperor?' they cried. Henri stepped out on the balcony and said, 'Avec plaisir, mes amis.'

"A week afterwards he was crowned, and, clasping me in his arms before the assembled multitude, he said, 'My people, behold your Empress!'

"Then he informed the people that, as I had brought him a fortune of twenty millions, we should not want to draw anything from the State, and so the taxes would be reduced at once.

"'Bravo!' exclaimed the people. 'We have an Emperor and Empress who can support themselves. We are the most favoured among the nations.' And from that moment we have never had our right to the Throne called in question.

"Now you know how the little general servant, Emily Ann, became Empress of the French. Before you go, I want you to see my baby."

The Emperor and Empress led me to an adjoining apartment, where, in a cradle of gold, there lay a beautiful little baby boy fast asleep.

"Behold the Prince Imperial!" exclaimed the Emperor. "the inheritor of the vast treasure that was stolen from the Temple of Memphis. General Mneptah Khamis set out in search of it for Rameses the Second, and Emily Ann found it a few thousand years afterwards, and settled it upon the youngest descendant of the Smythes of Great Britain and the Bourbons of France. We owe a good deal to the General."

"Yes," said the Empress Emily Ann; "but we must not forget that these millions would never have come to our boy but for the aged Professor, who was kind to his

POLLY'S CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

mother, and had not his mother once been a general servant in the house in the Lambeth-road where the Aissaouas came to lodge with Abdallah, their chief."

* * * * *

"To the Editor of the *Timbuctoo Times* (London Daily Edition).—Sir,—I have this day telephoned you a full account of my interesting interview with the Empress of the French, *née* Emily Ann Smythe. I think it will make a great sensation. You will, I trust, appreciate the advantage you have over your contemporaries in having appointed *me* your Special Correspondent in Paris.

"Faithfully yours

"Paris, April 1, 1891." [*Signature illegible*].

A CHRISTMAS DINNER DE PROFUNDIS.

BY ARCHIBALD FORBES.

I HAVE eaten a good many Christmas dinners in strange places, and have gone without the great feast of our nation in yet stranger. I have lost my Christmas dinner in a wholly unexpected manner, and have achieved that meal by a not less unexpected stroke of good fortune. At noon on Christmas Day, just thirty years ago, the outlook for our Christmas dinner consisted of a scrap of raw rusty pork and a ship-biscuit sodden in sea-water; and the prospect of even that poor fare was precarious, in face of the momentary danger of a watery grave. Four hours later I was the guest at a board groaning with the good cheer appropriate to the "festive season."

Just of age, I had been spending the summer of 1859 in travelling through Canada, and in the late autumn found myself in Quebec, intending to be back in England in time for the Christmastide with my relatives at home. One evening I took stock of my financial resources, and found I had only a very small sum to the fore—barely enough to clear me in Quebec and pay my fare to England either as steerage passenger in a steamer or as cabin passenger in a sailing-vessel.

I had made the passage out very pleasantly in an emigrant sailing-ship. It had been a summer voyage, and I did not reflect that on the Atlantic summer does not last the year round. My pride rather revolted at a steerage passage, and I determined on the cabin of a sailing-ship. I know now, but I did not know then, that the sailing-ship trading between the United Kingdom and Quebec is of the genus "timber-drogher," species ancient tub, good for no other trade, and good for this only, because, no matter how leaky the timber-laden ship may be, owing to the buoyancy of her cargo she cannot sink, and (unless the working of her cargo break her up) the worst fate that can befall her is that she becomes water-logged.

Of course there are bad timber ships and worse timber ships, but I had left myself no selection. I had dallied on in the pleasantness of Quebec until the close of navigation was imminent, and Hobson's choice offered in the shape of the last lingering drogher. Her brokers advertised a cabin passage at a low fare; I engaged it without taking the trouble to look at the ship, and on the morning named for sailing went on board. My arrival occasioned the profoundest surprise. The skipper had received no intimation to expect a cabin passenger, and there were no appliances aboard for his accommodation. I took possession of an empty bunk, into which by way of mattress I threw the horsehair cushion of the cabin locker. My bedclothes consisted of my travelling-rug and a rough old boat-cloak I had brought from England.

We were on salt tack from the second day out, and I could not have believed that there was a ship that sailed so badly found as was this battered, rotten, dilapidated Emma Morrison—that was the jade's name. I should have been more savage at the egregious swindle, but that I was too sorry to leave Quebec to have thought to spare for material concerns. By-and-by that sentiment became less poignant, and was soon supplanted by utter disgust at my surroundings. The skipper of the Emma Morrison was a sullen, gloomy dog—a fellow of that breed which has all the evil attributes of the Scot and the Irishman, and none of the virtues of either. He hardly made a pretext of being civil to me. He helped readily but gloomily to drink the few bottles of Canadian whisky I had brought aboard, and, when that supply was finished, produced a single flask of the most atrocious gin that ever was concocted in the vilest illicit still of the Lower Town of Quebec, and swore it constituted his entire alcoholic supply for the voyage.

Even in fine weather the loathsome old tub leaked like a sieve: she had about half a foot of freeboard, and the water came through her gaping top-sides and uncaulked deck, so that the cabin and my berth were alike a chronic swamp. The junk we ate was green with decay and mould; the ship-biscuits were peripatetic because of the weevils that inhabited them; the butter was rancid with a rancidness indescribable; and the pea-soup was swarthy with the filth of vermin. With a fair wind—and as far as the Traverse we carried a fair wind—the rotten old hooker—rotten from truck to keel, for her sole suit of canvas was as rotten as the ragged remains of her copper-sheathing—had a maximum speed of five knots per hour. As she rolled lumberingly through the short seas of the Upper Gulf, the green water topped her low bulwarks, and, swashing down on to the deck, lifted heavily the great undressed pinetrunks which, lashed to stanchions, formed her deck load. As those rose they strained the deck till they all but tore it from the beams, and as they dropped when the water receded they fell with a crash that all but stove in deck and beams together. With all her defects and abominations, there was one redeeming feature in the Emma Morrison. Her mate—she had but one—was a stanch, frank, stalwart seaman; the boatswain was a tough old man-o'-war's man; and the crew—scant in numbers, for she was atrociously undermanned—were as fine a set of fellows as ever set foot in ratline. How they obeyed the ill-conditioned skipper; how they endured the foul discomfort of the fo'k'sle and the wretched rations; how, hour after hour and day after day, they dragged loyally at the Sisyphean toil of the pumps; how they bore freezing cold, exposure, sleeplessness, and general misery, I shall never forget.

Off Anticosta we had our first gale. It was a good honest blow, that a stanch craft would have welcomed; but the rotten old Emma Morrison could not look it in the face. It left her sails in ribbons, her top-hamper anyhow, her hold full of water, in which her ill-stowed cargo of timber swashed about with gruesome thuds on her ribs and knees. When the gale blew itself out we were out somewhere on the western edge of the banks of Newfoundland, and dead helpless. All hands went to the pumps save the captain, the mate, and a couple of old seamen, who betook themselves assiduously to sail-mending. My work was at the wheel. With the foresail on her, the only whole sail extant, she had just steerage way; and I stood, twelve hours a day, day after day, at the old jade's wheel. It was bitter work, for by this time it was the middle of December, and the spray froze where it lighted.

"There hung a spray of mistletoe in the cabin doorway of the Moses Taylor."

Before the sails were half repaired we encountered another spell of heavy weather, which reduced us to tatters again, and the ship was drifting about as wind and wave listed. Her masts and spars were a confused mass of wreckage. A green sea had swept the flush deck, carrying off galley (with the unfortunate cook inside) and long-boat, leaving standing only the wretched pigeon-hole of a top-gallant fo'k'sle and the stumpy little companion-house abaft the mizzen. The bulwarks were shattered piece-meal; the tree-trunks constituting the deck load had worked their grapplings loose, and rose and fell with the wash of the cross seas. Two of the best men had been washed under the massive trunks, which had settled down on them and crushed the life out of them. Two more poor fellows had suffered broken limbs, and were lying helpless on the fo'k'sle exposed to the seas that continually broke over the bows. The ship was full of water, and pumping was useless. She lay like a log on the heaving face of the winter sea; helpless, yet safe from the fate of foundering unless the timber cargo working inside her should burst her open. The only dry spot aft was the top of the little companion-house, which belonged to the skipper and myself; the crew had the raised deck of the topgallant fo'k'sle and the upper bunks in its interior. One of these constituted our larder: its contents, some pieces of salt pork and beef, dragged out of the harness cask, and a bag of sodden biscuit rescued from the lazarette ere the water rose into the 'tween-decks. A watercask had been trundled into the fo'k'sle before the great wave swept the deck. About five feet of water stood in the cabin, below which lay my portmanteau, and every belonging save the rough sea-worn suit I stood upright in. Altogether it was not easy to imagine a grimmer present or a darker future. And it was Christmas morning!

About 11 a.m. the remnant of crew that were above and could move came splashing along the main deck aft to the companion-house to propose launching the one boat left and abandon the ship. The mate was in the maintop, where he had lashed himself and gone to sleep. The skipper had waded down into the cabin, as he said, to fish up from his desk the ship's papers. I followed him to tell him of the errand of the crew. Wading across the cabin I could see into his state-room. There sat the fellow on his submerged bunk, up to the waist in water, with a black bottle raised to the ruffianly lips of him. He had lied when he denied having any store of spirits, and had been swigging on the sly, while his men had been toiling and suffering day and night in misery without a drop of the spirit that would have revived their sinking energies.

Enraged beyond the power of self-restraint by the caitiff's selfishness, I gripped him by the throat with one hand as I wrenched the bottle from him with the other. He fell a-snivelling maudlin tears. I swore I'd drown him if he did not deliver up for the common good what of his spirit-supply remained. He fished up three bottles from out the blankets in the inundated bunk. That ran to just a glass apiece for all hands except him, leaving another glass apiece for "next time." While he yet snivelled, the mainbrace was promptly spliced on deck.

The mate and myself persuaded the crew to hold by the ship yet a little longer. By the morrow the sea might have gone down, or we might sight a ship; the Emma Morrison promised to hold together, after her fashion, a bit longer, and she was, after all, preferable to a frail boat in heavy weather.

About one o'clock the mate, who had gone back to his uncomfortable but dry dormitory in the main-top, suddenly shouted "Sail ho!" The poor fellows came tumbling out of the fo'k'sle with eager eyes; a bit too diffident of fortune to cheer just yet, but with the bright light of hope in their faces. Yes; there she was, presently visible from the fo'k'sle, and the blarmed old Emma Morrison right in her fair way. And now with a hearty cheer we finished to the last drop the skipper's grog. Our flag of distress had been flying for days, but the chaos aloft was more eloquent than any upside-down Union Jack. With what majesty came the succouring ship, borne by the strong wind of favour, the white seas dashing from her gallant stem, her great wet sides rising higher and higher as she neared us! Up alongside she ranged, scarce a pistol-shot distant, a full-rigged clipper: "One of the flying Yankees," said the mate, with, as it seemed, a touch of envy in his voice. "Get ready smart; going to send for you right away!" came her commander's cheery shout across the sullen water. As she came up into the wind and lay to, she showed us her dandy stern, and sure enough on it in gold letters was the legend "Moses Taylor, of New York." Her boat put off; her second mate jumped aboard us with a friendly peremptory "Hurry up!" in five minutes more we had quitted the Emma Morrison for ever, her skipper skulking off her hangdog fashion, yet the last man. We had agreed, for the good name of the old country among foreigners, to keep counsel regarding the selfish sneak, but he never held up his head more during the time he and I were in the same ship.

A ship like a picture, a deck trim and clean as a new pin, a hearty skipper with a nasal twang, his comely wife, his winsome daughter, and a smart, full-powered crew welcomed us forlorn and dilapidated derelicts on board the Moses Taylor. Circumstances prevented us from dressing for the Christmas dinner to which we—skipper, mate, and passenger—were presently bidden; but there were modified comfort and restored self-respect in the long-unaccustomed wash in fresh water; and the hosts were more gracious than if we had been dressed more *comme il faut*. To this day I remember that first slice of roast turkey, that first slice of plum-pudding. But closer in my memory remain the cheery accents of the genial American skipper, the glow of kindness in the sonsy face of his wife, and the smile of mixed fun and compassion in the bright eyes of their pretty daughter. And there hung a spray of mistletoe in the cabin doorway of the Moses Taylor.

Jack Hardy and his new-made bride
Were posting homeward, side by side,
Quite close, by reason of the cold,
When suddenly a voice cried "Hold!"
A pistol the postillion scared;
The horses madly plunged and reared.

THE BITER BIT: OR, THE HIGHWAYMAN'S COLLAPSE.

Drawn by Fred. Barnard.

But, nothing daunted, Mister Jack
Was on the robber in a crack;
Unhorsed him, clutched him by the throat,
Till Turpin could not squeak a note.
May every biter thus be bit!
And served with his own sauce, as fit!

"JUST LIKE GRANDMA!"

(See Coloured Supplement.)

BY H. CHANCE NEWTON.

"Just like Grandma!" cries this mite,
As she ties, with great delight,
Her cap on Doggie.
"How like Grandma!" Yes, but why?
Little maiden, please reply—
Your statement's foggy.

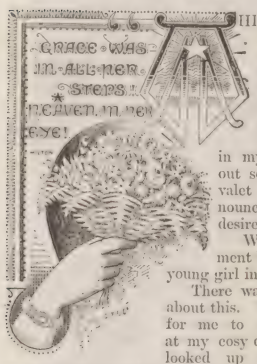
Madcap, were your Grandma near,
She'd not feel flattered much, we fear,
At such a notion.
Indeed, but in one thing alone
Is any great resemblance shown—
And that's devotion.

Like Doggie, your dear Grandma shows
A gentle patience unto those
She loves so dearly.
She feels delight in *your* delight;
She's glad because *your* life is bright—
So why act queerly?

To dress your dog in Grandma's cap
You think a wondrous feat, mayhap,
While blithely humming.
But, maiden with the sunlit hair
And sunny smile, pray, have a care—
Here's Grandpa coming!

A ROMANTIC YOUNG GIRL.

BY HOWARD PAUL.



WHEN quite a young man I went in for music, and composed several songs and waltzes that were fortunate enough to hit the popular taste. One morning I was working away in my chambers grinding out some verses, when my valet appeared and announced a young lady who desired an interview.

With which announcement he vanished, leaving a young girl in the doorway.

There was nothing remarkable about this. It was not uncommon for me to receive lady visitors at my cosy chambers, but when I looked up and beheld a total stranger I was a trifle surprised.

She was a blonde—one of those pretty little creatures with soft wheaten hair, bright hazel eyes, and a slender willowy figure, looking as if a southerly zephyr might wave her off to fairyland some fine day.

"Come in," I said, seeing that she appeared shy; "come in, Mademoiselle. Did you wish to see me?"

"Yes, Sir," she faltered, blushing prettily, "if you are Mr. ——" And she mentioned my name.

"Pray be seated," I said.

She sat down, played nervously with her parasol, and then, fixing her eyes on the piano, slowly began:—

"Did you not compose a set of waltzes entitled 'Les Fleurs du Cœur,' Sir?"

"I did."

"Well, Sir, I want to thank you."

Here was a tiny scrap of mystery. I began to fancy that she was a dear little lunatic.

"To thank me! For what, pray?"

"For those waltzes."

I had sent her no music. What did she mean? Whom did she take me for? Directly she explained:—

"They have benefited me so greatly, Sir. I play them every night when I feel lonely, and they are a balm to my sad heart. 'Fleurs du Cœur' means flowers of the heart, doesn't it, Sir?"

"It does."

"They are beautifully named, for they seem to make the blossoms spring and open till my heart abounds in roses and lilies and violets, Sir; and so I thought it would not be very wrong for me to come to see you while I was in London, and to thank you for the pleasure you have given me."

I may remark that I was rather a modest young man in those days.

Judge, then, of my emotions when I comprehended the full extent of this flattering compliment, so delicately paid to my small talent as a composer! I tried my best to think of some pretty thing to say, but my readiness seemed to desert me at the critical moment. "I—I—do not remember that I ever met you before," was all that I could utter.

"No, Sir! We are strangers, as the world goes, but I know you well, Sir, through your music."

"I think you said you do not live in London?"

"I do not, Sir. My father is Major Breslin, of Bedford, but I am visiting an aunt in town. I could stay—oh, for ever!"

"Are you very fond of music?"

"Passionately."

Her timidity was quite gone now, and the dramatic manner in which she raised her eyes towards the ceiling in replying convinced me that she was one of those foolish maidens whose fondness for romance runs away with their discretion at times. I talked with her for awhile, and found her generally intelligent, though everything she said was tinged with the same rosy lustre of sentimental poesy. Then I opened my piano and asked her to play for me, which she only did on my promise to play the "Fleurs" for her. She executed pretty well, and evidently had a fair knowledge of music; but all the pieces of her répertoire rejoiced in the most high-flown and heartbroken of names. One of her pieces was called "The Hunger of the Soul," and another rejoiced in the title of "Spirit Voices." Her great desire was to remain in London and take lessons, as she blushingly confessed, of me.

When I played my waltzes she wept, actually; and her eyes, humid and brilliant with tears as she glanced up at the finale, were full of the tenderest sentiment of admiration.

Young men are not often insensible to the gracious joys of gratified vanity. I was a very young man, and my vanity was gratified. I paid the little maiden many attentions of the most courtly character, and at the close of an hour or two of "converse sweet" she professed herself loth to go, but her uncle and aunt, she said, would be alarmed by her absence, so she must depart.

"How long do you remain in town?" I asked.

"Only another week."

"If, during that time, I can give you any hints that may be of service in your future practice, I'll be glad to do so. If you will give me your address I shall be happy to"——

"Oh, no, I cannot!" she exclaimed, growing more rosy than ever. "My uncle is so unreasonably strict—and my aunt too—they do not allow me to receive visitors without their invitation, or to go out alone if they know of it. I ran away this morning while my aunt was absent, and I don't know what she will say when I return. I am simply a prisoner."

Visions of an irate avuncular guardian danced through my mind. I saw this adventure, in which I had so innocently taken part, was likely to invite difficulties.

"My child," I said, with as paternal an air as I could assume—I was hardly five years her senior—"my child, it is very inadvisable to thwart the wishes of those who hold us in guardianship. Doubtless, you find the vigilance of your relatives inconvenient, but it is, after all, well meant, and no doubt beneficial. I cannot counsel you to"——

I stopped, for her lip trembled, her eyelids twitched, and I feared she would burst into tears.

"What, you too?" said she, in a crushed tone. "Do you side with them against me, and insist on my being cooped up in that dark, unpleasant house at Clapton, where I have no society and no amusement—where there is no piano—where they think music is all nonsense and a waste of time?"

This aroused my wrath.

That anybody should entertain such unworthy sentiments concerning the noblest art, the loftiest exponent of human love, sorrow, and religion, was too much for me.

"Music nonsense and a waste of time!" I exclaimed, indignantly: "people who think that are unfit to have charge of a dear sympathetic creature like you."

She caught at these unlucky words like a drowning man at a straw.

"Then you are not against me—not angry with me for coming here? Oh! you are so kind! May I not come again and hear you play once or twice before I return home?"

Her ineffably naïve, pleading tone and manner were hard to resist. I was good-natured—I do not believe in too much restraint—susceptibility was my great failing, so, of course, I consented.

Three times after that she called, and we went over piles of songs and pieces. Although, as I have said, she was romantic to the last degree, I really began to enjoy her society very much indeed, and was sorry that she had to leave town so soon. I promised myself, and her too, however, that I should correspond with her, and I am afraid that she began to indulge in dreams of a romantic and novelesque termination to our little comedy—perhaps an old-fashioned elopement, with pistols, pursuit and post-chaises, and a Gretna Green wedding to wind up with!

I indulged in no such visions. I liked my little friend for a companion, a pupil, a protégée. But there the sentiment ended. I don't think she really cared more for me than I for her; but her unconscionable love of romance, the mystery of our acquaintanceship, the atmosphere of art that surrounded and coloured it, all led naturally to make her fancy that a "grand passion" was opening up its rosy vista before her.

On the occasion of her last visit we were in superb spirits. Never had she been more naïve, more lively, more bewitching; and, as I happened to be in an uncommonly vivacious mood, we had a lovely time.

Just as we finished singing the delicious duet between the Don and Zerlina, in "Don Giovanni," a sharp knock at the door resounded through my chambers, and gave my fair companion a sudden thrill of alarm.

"That is my uncle—I know his knock!" she cried, striking the attitude of a tragedy-queen. "What shall I do?—what shall I do?"

I confess that I felt nervous. Without doubt I had been to blame; but, whatever the rights and wrongs of the case might be, there was no time then to discuss them. To prevent any undue severity or violence on the part of the uncle was the first step, and that could be best accomplished by keeping him, if possible, in ignorance.

Twenty thoughts seemed to flash through my mind simultaneously, and in the meanwhile she recognised her uncle's ponderous footfalls as he paced about the passage. She clung to my arm in a paroxysm of fright.

"The closet—quick!" said I, pointing to the door of a large pantry and wardrobe, which, by some architectural fatuity, was placed near the hall door and precisely resembled it.

In another second she was snug inside and carefully shut in, the door being left only a small crack ajar for breathing purposes.

Rat-tat-tat!

I seized a pencil and some music-paper, and made myself enormously busy over a stanza of the ballad I was at work on.

Rat-tat-tat!

"Come in!"

A tall stalwart man, past middle age, and a good deal above the middle size, entered, looking very grave, and bearing a heavy gold-headed cane.

"Good day, Sir!" I muttered, applying myself savagely to my work, but blushing, I fear, outrageously.

"Mr. ——?"

"Yes, Sir."

A silence ensued, during which I wrote several incoherent lines, such as, I think, have never been even printed in the "poets' corner" of a country newspaper. The tall gentleman coughed slightly, and glanced uneasily about the room.

"Hm! I called, Sir, to see if I could learn anything of my niece, Miss Breslin, whom I believe you know."

"I have seen her, Sir."

"She is not here?"

"You can see, Sir." And I waved my hand towards the corner of the apartment.

"Has she been here to-day? I know she has been here recently. I accidentally saw a letter she wrote to a friend of hers, a young lady, wherein she detailed the circumstances."

I saw that the girl was regularly trapped.

"Yes, Sir; she did call here last week."

"What did she call for?"

"About some music in which she is greatly interested. Excuse me, Sir, but I am exceedingly busy just now."

"I will not detain you long. I see that you are a gentleman, Sir."

I bowed.

"And I wish to ask you to assist me. I am thankful that no mischief has befallen the foolish girl. She is a romantic, feather-brained creature, and her parents can do nothing with her, so, to oblige them, I consented to take charge of her for awhile. But, bless you, Sir, she behaves worse than ever! She laughs at my authority, runs away from the house, and keeps my wife on thorns. Unless something is done, Sir, she will get into trouble, and if you would act with me it would be very kind of you. I wish, Sir, if she comes again, that you would tell her how indiscreet her conduct is, and advise her to pay attention to my wishes. Be as severe with her as you think fit—she deserves all the scolding we can give her."

"I have already counselled her to obey you, Sir."

"A thousand thanks. It was right of you. Will you be kind enough to forbid her coming here again?"

"I will tell her all you say, Sir."

"Thank you. I am happy to have met you, and will intrude upon you no longer. Good day, Sir."

"Good day, Sir."

A load went off my mind as he bowed himself towards the door. I had feared that he would say something violent about his niece, and that she would rush forth melodramatically from the closet to reproach him. Fortunately, this had not occurred. The interview was over, I returned to my verses, and tranquillity reigned again.

No; I had halloaed before I was out of the wood. That confounded pantry door, so like the one leading on to the passage, was reached before the hall door, and some men have a stupid instinct about such matters. The uncle opened the wrong door, bowed himself through it backward, and deliberately shut himself in—with his niece.

There was a scream from the young lady. I'm afraid something equally energetic escaped from the old gentleman. At all events, he emerged from the closet shaking her.

Of course, she wept stormily, and he raved fiercely, and I laughed uncontrollably. I tried to apologise, to mollify his wrath, to say anything I could calculate to have a pacificatory effect; but all in vain. My sense of the ludicrous got altogether the better of me, and I only laughed and roared till the tears ran down my cheeks into my moustache.

"Come along, you deceitful baggage!" cried the infuriated uncle, sternly. "Come along and pack up your things. You shall leave London to-morrow!"

Then, turning to me, his face darkened, and he added:—

"As for you, Sir, I am ashamed of your duplicity. I took you for a gentleman—no, hang me! I mistook you for one!"

"Gently, gently, my friend," said I, catching my breath to speak. "Remove your niece, if you must, but don't say severe things. Good-bye, little one!" Sure enough, the poor romantic child was packed off, bag and baggage, the very next day, and evidently she was so powerfully impressed with a sense of her folly that she never kept her promise to write to me.

I heard afterwards that she married a prosperous hatter in her native county, and was a model matron. Well, perhaps the little adventure ended thus much more happily than it might have done had she gone on with her sentiment and nonsense.

It is a pity that those two words are so very often synonymous.

LITTLE SUNBEAM'S SECRET MARRIAGE.

BY JOHN LATEY, JUN.,
Author of "Love-Clouds," "The River of Life," Etc.

SCENE FIRST.

LORD CHESTERTON'S LAST CHARGE.

Led by a supremely calm and skilful Cavalry Commander, no wonder the Squadrons of Life Guards enter action with magnificent coolness and steadiness! It is really the most critical engagement of the first Egyptian Expedition—an engagement in which our Cavalry and Artillery alike distinguish themselves.

The well-set-up Squadrons of the Household Brigade ride as calmly and well under the burning sun of Egypt as they do at a Royal Review at home—right worthy successors of the valiant Life Guards Wellington launched at Napoleon's host at Waterloo. Only—the enemy is not quite so formidable. Still, Arabi's little Army of Egyptians is bold and venturesome. It has the audacity to give battle to the British Forces. But mark how our guns, skilfully served, check the advance; and how our dashing Cavalry rout the dusky thousands!

It is only when the Life Guards get within sword-thrust of the Egyptians that the war-light fills the eyes of our fearless troopers. Led by Lord Chesterton, they charge with crushing effect. Their onslaught is irresistible. Stanch to the death, only a handful of the enemy face the foe, determined to send a few fatal bullets flying, and to empty some few saddles, at least. It is one of these Egyptian shots that wounds Lord Chesterton in the neck, and causes him to stagger and grow pale. His friend, Lieutenant Harrison, lodges a bullet from his revolver in the Egyptian marksman's head, and then hastens to succour his drooping comrade, albeit he is himself sorely hit at this juncture.

* * * * *

Under Lord Chesterton's tent, at the close of the engagement, Lieutenant Harrison is nursing his dying friend; the bullet-wounds in his own left arm, quite riddled with shot, having been dressed by the surgeon. It is too evident that Lord Chesterton's wound in the neck is mortal. His fair handsome face is ashen grey. His broad brow damp with the sweat of swiftly approaching death, Lord Chesterton bids his friend bend over the camp-bed to hear his last request:—

"Be sure you carry out my mission, George! Or my scheming cousin, Claude Lisson, will succeed to the title and estates—instead of my little son. Beware of his craft and deceit!"

"Your *son*, Chesterton? [Lieutenant Harrison bends over to catch the tremulous accents till his long brown moustache nearly touches his poor friend's white face.] I didn't know you were married. But count on me implicitly—if I get back to England. As for Lisson, I know him of old. He wished to pay court to my wife, but she somehow chose me."

"Yes, George; I was married five years ago, long before I knew you. I mention this, George, because I chanced to assume your very name, Harrison [an avowal which causes Lieutenant Harrison to open his eyes wide with astonishment], when I married the prettiest and best little girl of the National ballet, Fanny Clifford. My breathing's getting more difficult, George. Quick! Pen and ink, and my writing-case—place it on my knees, George, and witness what I write!"

The leather case open before him, Lord Chesterton draws a well-creased certificate of marriage from it, hastily takes a pen from his friend, and rapidly indorses the paper by the light of the lamp held by his companion:—

"*I, Lord Chesterton, dying in the Camp of Kassassin, bequeath all I possess to my dear wife and son, Philip; and name my trusty friend, Lieutenant George Harrison, executor of my will and trustee for them. My solicitors, Messrs. Scovel, Lincoln's-inn-fields, will hand Lieutenant Harrison* £1000, *and help him with all their power to find my wife and child. I married my wife, Fanny Clifford (as this certificate shows), on May* 10, 1877, *at the Registrar's in Stamford-street, London, under the assumed name of Harrison. I kept my real name secret for family reasons.*

"[*Signed*] CHESTERTON.

"[*Witness*] GEORGE HARRISON."

"My best thanks, George! I can write no more. [He drops back wearily on his pillow.] I'm getting weaker and weaker. Do you write down what I 'm going to say now. Bear in mind, my wife and son go by the name of Harrison. My poor blue-eyed darling Lily was called 'Little Sunbeam,' and our fair-haired little one Philip. The last time I saw them, six months ago, was at 7, Vickers-street, Waterloo-road. You may guess I was very hard up then. As you know, I came into the title only last week. I had kept my marriage secret from my poor father. It would only have worried him. He retained the old-fashioned objection to theatrical people. Well, our forced marches have kept me from writing home. My poor wife didn't even know I was in the Army. I 'm sinking, George. [A faint, faint pressure of his comrade's hand gives painful emphasis to his last words.] What a divine light comes through the tent! Omen that you will succeed, my dear friend! Adieu!"

SCENE SECOND.

"HOME, SWEET HOME!"

What a contrast between sunshiny Egypt and a wintry December in London! The first snowfall of the season, heralding Christmas in the olden way as it spreads its white Twelfth Cake-like covering over all the town, greets Lieutenant Harrison as he drives up in a smart hansom to the quiet square in Bayswater where is his home. What joy to the convalescent Life Guardsman when he finds himself once more locked in a loving embrace with his fair young wife!

"Mary, my darling!"

"George!"

This sweetest of welcomes, he feels, amply rewards him for the fatigue and suffering of the brief campaign, followed by a lingering illness in hospital at Cairo. Clasping her more and more closely to his breast, he feels his wife's warm heart gladly beating once again. Then there is his bonnie wee daughter Josie's joyous greeting to respond to with interest. These home joys well-nigh unman the soldier who had been among the foremost in charging the enemy, and who bore a pitiful token of the fight in the empty sleeve, sight of which makes his loving wife turn momentarily faint.

"Ah, George dear," comes in her low, soft voice when they are all three seated a little later before a cosy dinner in their snug dining-room, "I should certainly have hastened to Cairo to nurse you back to health [his glowing hazel glances send loving thanks into the depths of her clear blue eyes] had I not been kept at home to tend to dear Josie during her fever, from which she happily recovered about the same time that you were able to leave the hospital."

How the grateful Lieutenant replies that her cheering letter alone sufficed to lighten the long sojourn in hospital, and how much Mrs. Harrison says she had missed her gallant husband from the Royal review of the compact Egyptian Army on the Horse Guards Parade, need not be dwelt upon.

"I must be content with being in time for the Queen's inspection at Windsor," rejoins Lieutenant Harrison, who now drifts involuntarily into the next subject nearest his heart.

"By the way, have you seen anything lately, Mary, of poor Chesterton's cousin, Claude Lisson?"

"Why, yes! Don't you know he's the new Lord Chesterton? He called here the other day, and seemed quite anxious, George, to know when you were expected to arrive in London. But you know that from the first I took an instinctive dislike to him, and so I was rather cool to him, though he does rank now as Baron."

The straightforward soldier has a shrewd suspicion that Claude Lisson, inflated by the pride and rank of station, will strain every nerve, shrink from no plot, to retain the title and property he has wrongfully come into.

SCENE THIRD.

THE PALL MALL CLUB.

Lieutenant Harrison's quest on the morrow in the gloomy street off the Waterloo-road, where Lord Chesterton had last seen his wife some twelve months ago, proved fruitless. The landlady at No. 7, Vickers-street was a new-comer, and could give not the slightest information respecting the Harrisons, who had probably, she thought, sought other lodgings some time before her predecessor's death.

"You see, Sir," she explained, "the purfession's very oncertain—speshally for ladies of the corpse di ballet. They 're hup to-day and down to-morrow, Sir. Life's a gime o' seesaw with thim theatricals. Whin they 're hup, they 're hup; whin they 're down, they 're down, as the song says."

Messieurs Scovel Brothers, the acute and obliging solicitors of Lincoln's-inn-fields, naturally very much surprised to learn that Lord Chesterton had left a wife and son, promise Lieutenant Harrison to aid him in the search by every means in their power. It would be their duty to serve the holder of the title with notice at once; and they assure their late client's trustee that the sharpest detective in London shall be forthwith commissioned to seek out the missing widow and heir.

Utterly at a loss himself where to seek her in this vast world of London—very much like looking for a needle in a bundle of hay, it appears to him—Lieutenant Harrison drops in at night into the Pall Mall Club, of which he knows Claude Lisson is a fellow-member.

Lieutenant Harrison finds no lack of cordial greetings as he enters the brilliant dining-room for the first time since his return from Egypt; his prowess during the campaign and his empty sleeve winning for him plenty of sympathy, mingled with congratulations on his restoration to health.

"Glad to see you back again, Harrison," is the welcome of Claude Lisson, who casts a keen glance at the lieutenant, as if he would wrest from him all he knows on the matter most vitally concerning his interests. "Just in time to dine with me; and tell me all about my poor cousin's last hours. Do join me."

"Very kind of you, Lisson! I will, with pleasure" (taking a seat at his table).

"Don't you know I have succeeded to the title, and am Lord Chesterton now?"

"I would ask you frankly," answers Lieutenant Harrison gravely, perceiving he is in for the duel of words he anticipated, "are you absolutely sure of your right to the title?"

"Absolutely, my dear Harrison," a peculiar gleam coming from his cold grey eyes as he smilingly replies. "Why do you ask such a strange question?"

"Because I learnt from my poor friend's lips—he told me with his dying breath, indeed, that he had left a wife and son in London!"

"You astound me! But if so, why has no claim been made to the estates and title? I fear my poor cousin must have been wandering in his mind. A mistress, possibly—you know the ways of the world—a wife, never! Or she would certainly have come forward months ago."

"You 'll pardon me, I know," gravely responds Lieutenant Harrison, rising, inly incensed at the other's callous reference to his dead friend. "But I have too warm a regard for Lord Chesterton's memory to bear any reflection on his character. He was one of the highest-minded men I ever knew. You will probably find a letter waiting for you at home from the late Lord Chesterton's solicitors. You 'll excuse me for not finishing dinner. I must be going. Good-night!"

"Good-night, if you must go," is the light response of Claude Lisson, who assumes an indifference he is far from feeling, and, while cynically smiling, thinks to himself, "I must put 'The Ferret' on his track, or he and these meddlesome lawyers, confound them! may do mischief."

"What, Harrison, old man, back safe again among us? England, Home, and Beauty welcome you!" is the hearty exclamation of the blond and genial Secretary of the Club, a well-connected young fellow whose unvarying affability causes his company to be much sought after. "I 'm just going round to the Dorado. Come with me. I have a couple of front stalls. There 's a clipping new ballet. It will be a change for you after Cairo. I see you want cheering up. Begone, dull Cairo!"

The Dorado! What if the woman he seeks should by some lucky chance be engaged at this Theatre of Varieties? Impressed with this thought, Lieutenant Harrison, after a moment's hesitation, gladly accepts the invitation, and walks with blithe Mr. Blaine to the Dorado, leaving Claude Lisson to muse over his claret in what way he can best put him off the scent—with the aid of "The Ferret."

SCENE FOURTH.

THE DORADO THEATRE OF VARIETIES.

"What time does the ballet begin, Blaine?" asks Lieutenant Harrison of his friend, as they enter the gay and brilliant Dorado, the haunt of Terpsichore.

"Nine o'clock! We have time for a chat with the Manager. Hall's quite a character. Right man in the right place. We 'll go round to his room at once, if you care to."

"By all means," readily assents his companion, for it occurs to him the Manager may chance to know the whereabouts of Fanny Clifford, if she shouldn't be actually engaged at this very theatre.

It is in a snuggery adjoining the prompt-side stage-box that they find debonair Manager Hall, a slender man with a keen, intellectual face, adorned with a neat black moustache, brimming over with sparkling vivacity and geniality. He receives them most politely, proffers cigars and champagne, and is prompt to pay an apt compliment to Lieutenant Harrison for his military services.

"What sort of gals have we, Sir?"—this in reply to a leading question from the young officer. "The best behaved corps de ballet in London. Why, many of our ladies have been here for years—no, not *quite* grown grey in our service, as Blaine wickedly suggests. There is not one who is beyond her prime—as I think you 'll admit, Sir, when you see the most brilliant gem of a ballet ever produced, 'The Morning Star.' Though I oughtn't to lay that flattering unction to my soul, for the main idea was suggested to the ballet-master by me. Your good health, gentlemen! Welcome to the Dorado! Have we a Mrs. Harrison in our company? Sorry I can't tell you for the moment, Sir. Can't carry all their names in my head. You see each girl has so many names. There 's her nickname, by which she 's familiarly known; there 's her name in the bill, if she 's well known enough to the public to deserve that honour; and there 's her real name. Look! You 'll find them all down in this book" (taking a thick ledger from the iron safe and handing it open to his interested listener).

Lieutenant Harrison turns to the page that faces him, and finds the names set down precisely as the urbane Manager has said:—

STAGE NAME.	NAME IN BILL.	REAL NAME.
Queenie	*Jenny Grey*	*Polly Brown*
Sugarplum	*Maud Beresford*	*Sarah Green*
Pretty Poll	*Flossy Carrington*	*Maria Perkins*
Little Sunbeam	*Fanny Clifford*	*Mrs. Harrison*

"Lady ——! Found, by Jove! My dear Mr. Hall, I have a most particular wish to speak to Mrs. Harrison, 'Little Sunbeam.' Will you do me the favour to let me see her now?"

"What! our prime favourite, 'Little Sunbeam'? Why, cert'n'ly! Best wait till after the new ballet. It 'll begin in four minutes. Leave your overcoats here, gentlemen; and come up directly it 's over. Then I 'll have much pleasure in taking you round to the young lady."

The strains of M. Abraham's most seductive dance overture holds the house captive as Lieutenant Harrison and Mr Blaine sink into their stalls. This masterly conductor with the wavy hair, the orchestral chief with an unrivalled gift for melodious composition, has, indeed, furnished an enchanting prelude to one of the most poetical ballets that have ever adorned the stage of the Dorado.

As the overture melts into an inspiring waltz, the curtain is drawn up, revealing a dome of violet sky, and below a radiant constellation of beauteous beings, representing the Sun, the Earth, the Moon, Jupiter, Mercury, Saturn, and clusters of satellites in alluring womanly shapes, with the Evening Star as the evil genius of the pair of lovers who have wandered into star-land. A wave of melody sweeps through the empyrean, and impels the lustrous stars, each leading a dazzling band arrayed in silver and gold and many colours, to vie with each other in lightsome dances.

Scan their ranks as closely as he will, Lieutenant Harrison cannot see one who comes up to his ideal of "Little Sunbeam," till a fresh danseuse of exceptional beauty glides in and out her sister stars, and is welcomed with a storm of applause, his friend Blaine clapping his hands like the rest at sight of the fair girl in the full flush of youth.

"That 's 'Little Sunbeam,' Harrison," whispers he to the Lieutenant. "Isn't she glorious?"

"Little Sunbeam" is the centre of attraction forthwith to the young officer. She is glorious indeed—golden-haired, and inexpressibly charming. What wonder that she had won the heart and hand of his dead friend? She turns out to be the Morning Star, who at last eclipses the wicked Evening Star, and joins the hands of the nearly sundered lovers after they have gone through the usual vicissitudes of a spectactular ballet. Who can help admiring the soft light of her tender blue eyes; her innate modesty of mien; or the winsomeness of her sweetly pretty face, dimples playing round her rosebud of a mouth when the final rounds of applause fill her heart with gratification?

Quitting their stalls, while the beaming Ballet Master is conducting the fair Morning Star and darksome Evening Star across the stage in triumph, Mr. Blaine and Lieutenant Harrison speedily regain the Manager's private room, and are conducted by him "behind the scenes"—a dingy region of "wings" and ropes and "flies," the very reverse of what it may seem to the imaginative many unfamiliar with the stage. They step past queer little dressing-rooms, some like the curtained boxes of swimming-baths, to a "wing" where one or two of the principal danseuses in white "fairy" skirts are panting after their exertions.

"Miss Clifford," briskly exclaims Manager Hall, waving his hand first towards the lady, and then towards Lieutenant Harrison, "this gentleman is anxious to have a word with you. Good-night. I'm wanted in front."

George Harrison instinctively holds out his hand to the girl he has so eagerly sought, in fulfilment of his comrade's dying wish; and his hand is at once gently pressed by "Little Sunbeam," for she reads true friendliness in his sympathetic brown eyes—a feeling that deepens at his first words to her—

"Mrs. Harrison, I have a message from one very dear to you."

"Do you come," is the whispered rejoinder—"oh, do tell me—from my husband?"

"Regard me as his best friend!"

"Tell me, has anything happened to him?" She turns pale—and startles with fear at the sudden danger she and all within the Dorado are placed in.

"Fire!"

The dread cry sends a panic throughout the house, both before and behind the curtain.

There is an instant rush to the doors as an ominous volume of smoke curls from the O.P. side of the curtain, proof positive that there has been no false alarm. The panic-striken public fortunately find an abundance of roomy exits—spacious staircases, down which they tumble pell-mell—plenty of doors. All the same, some unlucky wights are inevitably crushed and trampled on in the mad struggle to escape from the building. The screams of women and curses of men rise from the tumultuous throngs as they push and wrestle to gain the street first.

The unexpected disaster sees Lieutenant Harrison calmest of all. With the cool eyes of a soldier, he grasps the danger, and quick as lightning sees he must save "Little Sunbeam," who, overcome by the double shock, is fainting, and would fall did not his strong right arm support her slight figure.

The fast-spreading fire, occasioned by the contact of the naked gas-jets with some inflammable woodwork up in "the flies," is now roaring and crackling above them. [This calamity occurred, be it mentioned, long before the sensible adoption of electric-lighting in every well-managed playhouse.] There is a wild stampede of musicians, carpenters, and shrieking coryphées still in their ballet skirts—Venus, Saturn, Jupiter, and the rest of them, mortals once again—towards the stage-door; while the gallant Dorado firemen, directed by zealous Manager Hall, pour streams of water on to the burning scenes.

Lifting the fainting form of "Little Sunbeam" till she rests on his right shoulder, George Harrison shouts to his friend:—

"Lead the way, Blaine! You know the quickest way out. I'll follow close at your heels. Be sharp! We must save Lady —— Thank Heaven I was in time!"

'Tis a race for life. The choking smoke that rolls in denser and denser volumes from "the flies," a fiery furnace by this time, threatens to overtake and suffocate the flying host of dancers, in the midst of whom Lieutenant Harrison yet finds some kind girls have words of sympathy to spare for the unconscious burden he is carrying.

"I do hope 'Little Sunbeam 's' not burnt, Sir?"

"No, no! Thank you for giving way to us. She has only fainted. Be calm and brave, girls!" rings out his clear, strong voice. "Press on quietly, and you 'll all get out safely."

The human tide of coryphées and mummers, bearing along "Little Sunbeam" and her rescuer, has streamed past the ramshackle dressing-closets on the prompt side; the fire meanwhile finding vent through the blazing curtain into the vast empty auditorium, thus relieving the roof of the stage somewhat of the dense pall of smoke, though the lives of the hoarse Manager and brave firemen are constantly imperilled by the burning joists and flaming scraps of scenery that fall on to the stage.

A few steps more, and Mr. Blaine has conducted Lieutenant Harrison into the passage leading to the stage-door. A welcome gust of fresh air refreshes them as the roar and tumult of the crowd outside reach their ears simultaneously with the lusty cheers for the active Fire Brigade, working like heroes to subdue the flames. An appalling crash behind them, and a great cry from the populace without, make known to them that the roof of the auditorium has fallen in—fallen, happily, into an empty house.

A pillar of flame and volley of sparks shoot up from the doomed building as our trio at last emerge from the stage-door with a group of other refugees, costumed in every variety of ballet garb, heedless of the cold blast that chills them.

Seizing the first four-wheel cab he can find, Lieutenant Harrison places his precious charge within, and leaves Mr. Blaine to guard her, while he darts across to the tavern opposite to seek a restorative for the senseless girl.

"Give her a glass of this *eau de vie*, Blaine!" he says when he returns. "'T will put new life into her."

It does. She opens her eyes, recalls the peril she was snatched from, murmurs her hearty thanks, and answers the Lieutenant's inquiry by saying she lives at No. 100, Acton-street, Gray's-inn-road.

Bidding Mr. Blaine wait till the morrow for the particulars of the romance he has embarked in, Lieutenant Harrison springs into the cab, tenderly wraps his coat round the shoulders of shrinking "Little Sunbeam," swooning off again, and bids cabby make the best of his way from the burning Dorado to Acton-street.

Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

"Lifting the fainting form of 'Little Sunbeam' till she rests on his right shoulder, George Harrison shouts to his friend:— "'Lead the way, Blaine! You know the quickest way out. I'll follow close at your heels. Be sharp! We must save Lady —— Thank Heaven I was in time!'"

SCENE FIFTH, AND LAST.

"LITTLE SUNBEAM'S" HOME.

An hour later, Lieutenant Harrison finds himself one of a quiet little supper-party seated round a flower-decked table, in a bright parlour at 100, Acton-street.

"Little Sunbeam's" sweet blue eyes, in which tears yet linger, dart wistful glances of gratitude at the young officer, for he has told her all he has to tell her in showing her the marriage certificate on which his poor friend had, with a last flicker of expiring strength, written a solemn declaration that made his darling Lady Chesterton, and their little son his heir. Wee, fair-haired Philip, a four-year-old image of his father, nestles near his fond mother—a bright little fellow, evidently pleased to bask in the light of "Little Sunbeam."

It is "Little Sunbeam's" Birthday Feast; and the only other guest is her father's chum, Mr. Pringle, introduced as a famous detective, but looking for all the world in his sedate dress like a well-to-do City clerk.

The imminent peril from which she had been saved by her new friend, so true and trusty, and the painful story of her husband's death on the battlefield, sadly explaining his long silence, have deeply moved the young girl, whose rare beauty gains a fresh charm from the contrast her sunny curly hair offers to the neat black merino dress she now wears. One of Nature's gentlewomen she is adjudged by George Harrison, albeit Mr. Clifford, who regards his daughter with paternal pride, is but a waiter.

He has a soft, plaintive voice, as of one who has many a time and oft soothed a customer's ear with dulcet tavern murmurs of "Whisky punch?" and "Let me brew you a glass of Martel hot, Sir; that 'll put you right, Sir." A believer in old customs, this middle-aged waiter, with a sad expression and fair mutton-chop whiskers assiduously cared for, feels himself impelled to rise—not to propose a toast, for that would be out of place under such sorrowful circumstances—but to express his earnest thanks to Lieutenant Harrison for the noble way in which he had fulfilled his task, and brought his beloved daughter out of danger.

"It may seem presumptuous for me to say anything," says Detective Pringle, a dark-haired man with a keen, searching glance, rising to his feet as his friend drops into his chair. "But it happens, by a curious combination of chances, that I am connected in a slight way with this romance. I was called in this morning by my old patrons, Messrs. Scovell, of Lincoln's-inn-fields. No wonder you start, Sir [alluding to Lieutenant Harrison's gesture of surprise]. Lor' bless you, it 's a little world we live in, after all. Every day brings this home to me. As I was saying, I was summoned by Messrs. Scovell, and entrusted with the search for our young friend here. I 'm a cautious man, and accordingly did not tell them it was my privilege to know the very lady they wanted. I promised I would do my best, and went away. Would you believe it that this very night the same request was made me by another party, though, I fancy, with sinister intentions—I mean Mr. Claude Lisson, who had rather prematurely adopted his cousin's title? A romance in real life, and no mistake! I heartily congratulate Lady Chesterton and little Lord Chesterton yonder—bless his heart!—on their good fortune, chequered though it is with the grief natural to the occasion. To-morrow, Sir, with your good pleasure, it will be my duty to accompany you to Messrs. Scovell. As for Mr. Lisson, I don't think he'll have cause to question the sharpness of 'The Ferret,' as he calls me."

"A marvellous coincidence, indeed!" exclaims Lieutenant Harrison, the sound of whose kind voice recalls the sunny expression of "Little Sunbeam's" pretty face. "I cannot tell you how heartily I rejoice at the success of my mission. Lady Chesterton, may your new life and his tiny Lordship's life be happy! Count on me and on my dear wife, who will call on you to-morrow, to be ever among your most faithful friends—for my dead comrade left me a legacy of friendship to which I will ever strive to be true."

A DEMON OF DECEIT.

A DOMESTIC HORROR IN SEVEN SCENES.

BY GEORGE MANVILLE FENN.

I.

"I DON'T care: it's disgusting!"

That last was an ugly word to come from between two prettily shaped lips of rich coral red, one curling deliciously up and the other curving deliciously down—Nature's coral red, not the perfumer's; and this latter abomination of modern civilisation had had nothing whatever to do with the downy bloom, peachy pink, and creamy white of the plump cheeks and round short neck. There was neither high-powder mark nor low-powder mark, nor an accidental puff left on either of two shelly ears. Hence a privileged person might have put his arm round her neck without fear of her coming off upon his coat and telling tales to a lynx-eyed mamma.

"I don't care: it's disgusting! He takes a deal more notice of you, Tag, than he does of me!"

"Bertha, you ought to be ashamed of yourself to speak to a married lady like that. If he does look more at me than he does at you, it is because he sees that I am acting as your chaperone."

"But this morning it was quite an imploring look."

"Of course; imploring me to intercede with you upon his behalf. You looked quite scornfully at him."

"Enough to make me, seeing what I did; and I declare I'll write to Alfy, and tell him he had better come down at once."

"Indeed, Miss, you will not dare to do any such thing," said Mrs. Alfred Jones, flashing her eyes at her sister, of whom she was, to write briefly, the very ditto—only, having been married two years, a little more so.

No vulgar pun intended upon the French word *morçeau*, although it would be very true.

"Ah! you may look vicious, Madam; but I'm not blind. You are flirting with this strange gentleman shamefully; but it will come home to you. See if Alfred does not have his revenge! He hasn't gone up to London in such a hurry for nothing. I dare say he's having a good flirt too."

"Bertha Dimny, you're a nasty, malicious creature—that you are; and I wish I hadn't asked you to come down and stay. You are always doing something to spoil the happiness of my married life."

"Serve you right, Tag!" cried her sister, spitefully. "Shouldn't flirt."

"I wasn't flirting. It's your jealous fancy."

"Ah! and you'll have jealous fancies some day, Madame. Agnes, indeed! Yes, you are a nice lamb!"

"Well, Bertha, if you are going to quarrel, we will go off the pier and walk back to our lodgings."

"Very well, I don't care."

"And not draw people's attention by having high words in a public place. Low words, I ought to call them."

"Quite right, Tag. I didn't speak above a whisper."

II.

Two people did see them quarrelling, one of whom was the cause of the little sisterly squall; but he did not object, for the bright, animated looks and quick ways of the pretty little sisters were very piquant and nice, and as their little brown boots ceased to tap the flooring of the pier he followed at a distance, saw them enter Jubilee Cottage, high up on the cliff, with its fine view of the sea, and then filled a pipe, sighed, and went off to think.

Meanwhile, with a strong mental determination never to speak to her sister again as long as she lived, for sending such a stab through her young married breast—a stab which she herself poisoned with recollections of one Miss Maude Plum, to whom Mr. Alfred Jones, of Mincing-lane, was once engaged—the little two-years-old wife entered the sitting-room followed by her sister, and kept her mental promise by exclaiming—

"Oh, Bertie, love, here's a letter."

"For me, Tag?"

"N—no; it's for Alfred: 'Alfred Jones, Esquire, Jubilee Cottage. Bargate.'"

"Why, it's a lady's hand, Tag."

"Ye—es."

"If you put it in an envelope now and directed it, he would get it in town to-night. Oh, Tag! you mustn't open your husband's letters!"

"Indeed, but I must. We have no secrets from each other—and he always opens mine."

Mrs. Alfred Jones drew a hairpin from upwards, inserted one of its prongs, slit the envelope, and, looking very red as she glanced at her sister, she took out the contents, read quickly, then threw the letter one way, herself another, uttered a scream as she dropped into an easy (seaside easy) chair, and began to sob till there were symptoms of another kind of giving way—stitchily—a thing not to be thought of in a new costume at the seaside. So she sat up and subsided, as her sister, who had eagerly secured the note, made no scruple about skimming the contents and drinking the cream.

"*Albany-street.—Own darling Alfy,—No time to write much—long to lay my head on your dear breast once more—write or telegraph at once—is it safe to come?—Your own little rosy-cosy, M.*"

Drawn by Maurice Greiffenhagen.

"Oh, how good of you to come so soon, darling!" said Mrs. Alfred Jones next morning, as she and her sister were on the pier, where a certain bashful gentleman was lounging, and longing to address them.

"His own little rosy-cosy!" cried Bertha. "Oh! my poor darling sis, I didn't think the Nemesis was coming to you quite so soon!"

She flung herself in her sister's arms, embracing, kissing, and crying over her, and wasting no end of delicious loving pabulum that naturally ought to have been reserved for the other sex; while Mrs. Alfred Jones cried herself dry, and made her sister and her handkerchiefs very wet in the process.

"It's very good of you to be so kind, Bertie."

"It's very natural, my darling Tag; and what I said this morning was only because I was ill-tempered with Leopold."

"Leopold, Bertie! Who's that?"

"The—the gentleman, dear; and he was looking at you imploringly about me: for he said he dare not speak to me, and would ask you to intercede."

"Why, when did he say so, Bertie?"

"Yesterday, Tag, in a letter," simpered Bertie, blushing; "and—and—and—I feel very much ashamed, but I did look 'You may come and speak to me, Sir,' but he was such a goose he didn't understand, and that made me cross."

"Oh, Bertie!"

"Yes. And oh, Tag, and if it's going to be like this I don't want to be married. Perhaps he might have a 'rosy-cosy' too. But oh, Tag!—yes, it must be that nasty, deceitful, and doublefaced Maude."

"Yes," said the little married lady, sitting up very much indeed.

"What shall you do, dear?"

"I shall go up to London at once and confront them. I'll be bound to say I shall find my beloved husband at Albany-street."

"But he said he should most likely be back here to-morrow."

"Oh, yes, of course," said the lady, sarcastically. "And the way in which she wrote to the deceitful monster! Ah. I always suspected him of perfidy."

"You did, darling, you did. But don't cry, my own poor sis."

"So smooth and obedient, and me thinking I could read him like a—like a—like a—— Oh!—oh!—oh!"

"There, there, there, don't cry, dear."

Mrs. Alfred Jones was not crying, for the tear-cistern was empty, but she continued to go through the handkerchief process till she was very hot, and then sat up more than ever.

"Bertie," she said, "I am going up to town at once. I said so before, and now I mean it."

"No, don't. I have it. I see it all."

"Yes, so do I. She means him to take lodgings for her down here."

"No, dear. You see if he doesn't take rooms for her at the hotel, Tag."

"Which was too expensive for us, of course."

There was a wonderful amount of vitriolic sarcasm in that last sentence.

"But you said you had it, Bertie. What?"

"I'll tell you. Alfy said he would come down to-morrow. Perhaps he has not been to see Madame Doubleface. Send a telegram, Tag, and bring her down. Oh, what a sweet revenge!"

III.

Mrs. Alfred Jones sat for a few moments, looking as much like a female Othello as her pretty little round fair face would allow, and then, as if she were going through another nuptial ceremony, she exclaimed fervently—

"I will."

A quarter of an hour later a telegram to No. 4076, Albany-street, was handed in at the Bargate chief office. It was brief, indeed: "All safe; come to-morrow.—A. J., Jubilee Cottage."

"Only think of our being able to send such a message as that for sixpence!" sighed Mrs Alfred Jones as they came away.

"Oh, Tag!"

"What, dear?"

"I never thought of it before. Suppose they come down together?"

"Ah!" sighed Mrs. Alfred Jones. "What if they do? Oh!"

That little ejaculation meant what columns could not convey.

IV.

"Oh, how good of you to come so soon, darling!" said Mrs. Alfred Jones next morning, as she and her sister were on the pier, where a certain bashful gentleman was lounging, and longing to address them, but did not dare: for there is something very terrible in a pretty woman, and, of course, where there are two the terror is double.

"Yes," said the very tall, massive-looking gentleman who had just joined them; "I thought I should find you here. Came down by first train."

"So good of you, Alfred!" said Bertha. "Tag has been longing to have you down."

"That's right. But, Tag, my dear, I came straight down, and er—you won't mind, my dear, if I leave you again soon?"

The sisters exchanged glances.

"Burroughs is here, and I have to meet him every day about some business."

"Of course I shall mind, darling; but it will not take you away much."

"Well—er," said the big man, nervously, "I'm afraid it will take me away a good deal."

"A guilty conscience!" thought Mrs. Alfred. Then aloud, "Well, darling, I must make the best of it, I suppose."

"You see, it means money, Bertie," said the big man, apologetically.

"Oh! yes, I thought it would mean money," said Bertie, meaningly.

"And it's very useful, you know—specially to a man in my circumstances."

"Especially to a man in your circumstances?" said Mrs. Alfred.

"Yes, dear. And er—you won't mind, dear—but I haven't had any breakfast."

"Then come at once back to Jubilee Cottage, dearest Alfred, and promise me that when the jubilee of our wedding comes round you will bring me down here again to spend another happy time."

"Hum! Forty-eight years off. Isn't it soon to promise that, my dear?"

"Not to a couple who love as we do, my Alfred," said the lady. Then to herself, "Oh, if we were not on the pier, how I could fling my arms about you, and box your great, big, conceited ears till you went down on your ugly knees and prayed for mercy."

"All right, my dear; I promise," said the gentleman; and his tiny wife took him into custody and marched him off, with Bertie following, like a rearguard, behind.

V.

"Hullo!" said the gentleman, as he was seated at last at breakfast, the tea being very weak, "what a lot of people going by! I remember, now, there was another train two hours after mine."

"Indeed, dear?"

"Yes. Burroughs expected a friend down by it."

"How strange, darling! Have some more sugar?"

"Thanks, no, dear; too much sweet is sickly."

"It is, indeed, love. Isn't it, Bertie?"

"Very sickly, indeed, Tag. I hate it!"

"Is anything the matter?" said the gentleman, wonderingly. "Not quizzing me, are you? Is it because I got my hair cut so short for bathing?"

"Ah, it will be quite long enough, dear."

Ritter-titter-tatter-tet-tet-tat!

"A lady's knock," said Bertie.

"Evidently," said Mrs. Alfred, turning scarlet: and there was a dead pause, broken by Mr. Jones making a vulgar noise as he drank his tea.

"This is Jubilee Cottage, I think?" said a deep contralto voice.

"Yes, Ma'am."

"Is Mr. Alfred Jones in?"

"Yes, Ma'am."

Mr. Alfred Jones started, with the cup halfway to his lips.

"Keep him there, Bertie!" said Mrs. Alfred; and, giving her husband a piercing look, she glided—no, toddled—out into the passage, and confronted a noble-looking, decidedly handsome lady, whose presence to that of Mrs. Alfred Jones was that of a grand black Spanish hen to a toy bantam—but game bantam—decidedly game.

"You wish to speak to Mr. Alfred Jones?" said the little woman, sweetly.

"Yes, Ma'am," said the tall lady, looking at her inquiringly. "Are you the landlady?"

"Oh dear me, no. Pray step into that other room."

She pointed across the passage. The strange lady entered, and Mrs. Alfred Jones followed, muttering:—

THE CHRISTMAS CAROL.—*Drawn by M. E. Edwards.*

"A delightful little rosy-cosy, indeed; but, thank goodness, it isn't Maude!"

VI.

"Now, Ma'am, if you please," said the little lady, as she closed the door and faced the tall lady, "may I ask what you want with Mr. Alfred Jones?"

"No, Ma'am, you may not," said the tall lady, flushing very angrily, and then turning very pale; "but may I ask who you are, and what you are doing here?"

"No, Ma'am, you may not. But you are found out at last. Oh, you may go on for a long while with your wicked ways, and cheat, and intrigue, and deceive; but you are sure to be found out. Rosy-cosy, indeed! Lay your head upon his breast once more—and is it safe? No; it is not. Wretch!—hussy!—creature! Base!—wicked! Oh!"

"Here! What the devil is the matter, Tag?" cried a gruff voice as the door opened, and big Alfred Jones entered the room with Bertie vainly trying to hold him back.

"Is this little lady a lunatic?" said the tall woman, scornfully.

"Little, indeed!" shrieked Mrs. Alfred. "As big a spirit, perhaps, Ma'am, as you possess. But now I have you both face to face, and you shall humble yourselves to me. And, more, I'll go straight home to my mamma and have a divorce!"

"Will you try and calm this lady?" said the tall visitor, with dignity. "But perhaps, Madam, you will explain how it is you are acquainted with the contents of a letter I wrote the day before yesterday and in answer to which received a telegram?"

VII.

"Beg pardon—knocked twice; and in a hurry," said a husky voice. "I left a letter here yesterday—Jones, Jubilee Cottage."

"Yes," said Mrs. Alfred, producing and waving it triumphantly before the eyes of all. "Yes, postman; it was for my husband, and I opened it—'Your rosy-cosy M.'"

"It was for *my* husband!" cried the lady, scarlet with indignation, as she snatched the letter. "How dare you open it?"

"Because he is my husband, Madam!" shrieked the little woman. "You are found out at last!"

"Postman," said the tall lady, sternly, "why did you leave this letter here? Explain."

"Well, you see, Ma'am," said the Government official, grinning with delight, "ever since '87 the jerry-builders down here have gone mad, and we've got seven Jubilee Villas and six cottages, and a Jubilee-place. But the local board 's took it up, and pretty well time! That letter was for the little stout gentleman in the white weskit and a bald head in London-road Jubilee Cottage, where they 've had the measles. Been kicking up no end of a row at the orfice 'smornin'. It 's the third letter of his as has gone wrong."

"Oh!" ejaculated the tall lady; "then perhaps it isn't safe yet. But the telegram?"

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Alfred Jones, taking refuge by her husband.

"And you opened the letter, Ma'am!" cried the tall lady. "How dare you?"

"I thought it was for my husband, Ma'am," sobbed the little lady, soft now as a sunny mist, "Mr. Alfred Jones."

Tableau—more explanations—no risk of measles, for the lady took other rooms, to be joined by her lawful spouse; and Mr. Alfred Jones the big—not the little one in a white *weskit* and a bald head, who had been waiting till the epidemic was at an end—*our* Mr. Alfred Jones, said something very condemnatory about jerry-builders.

And so say all of us.

INCUBUS OR INCUBATOR.

A "LAY" SERMON.

BY O. P. Q. PHILANDER SMIFF.

PROLOGUE.

Some four or five months ago a so-called friend, whom I have since learned to look upon as a fiend in human shape, clapped me on the back as I was turning in at the gate of my Kenningtonian residence, and exclaimed cheerily, "Hullo, Smiffy, old man; keeping your fowls still, eh?"

"Oh, yes," I said, with concentrated bitterness, for I had that very morning paid down five and twopence for a fresh supply of what the cornchandler paradoxically calls "best middlings" for my eggless hens. "Oh, yes; I am still keeping my fowls; and, so far as I can see, there is no possible chance of their ever keeping me."

"Stuff and nonsense!" replied my nominal friend in his cheeriest tones. "The fact is, you know, you don't go the right way to work."

"Indeed?" I retorted, with that refined irony which I can at times assume. "Seeing that the work to which I go is at the bottom of Fleet-street, and that I invariably take the first to the left after leaving this terrace, and then keep straight down the Kennington Park-road, I am at a loss to understand where I go wrong."

"Well done, old man!" was my friend's reply. "Awfully smart, I declare. But *you* know what I mean. Would you *really* like your fowls to pay, now?"

"Would I?" was my ready retort. "Wouldn't I, just? It is the dearest wish of my heart. In fact, I may say that with me, so to speak, *L'Empire, c'est la 'pay'!*"

"Then it's simple enough. You've only got to get a constant succession of fat chickens, sell them at two and ninepence each, wholesale, and your fortune 's made!"

It was necessary to assume once more my tone of concentrated bitterness. "A constant succession of fat chickens, say you? Perhaps, Sir, you are not aware that of my twenty-seven assorted hens not one will consent to sit?"

"Oh!" returned my fiendish friend, "not 'sitty' birds, eh! West-End ones, perhaps?"

I deigned no other answer than a glance of malignant scorn.

"Joking apart," he went on, "I can make you independent of your hens altogether. Nature can be superseded and fortune assured by the comparatively trivial outlay of four-seven-six, money down. The suburban householder, the country parson, the semi-detached villa resident may also secure an efficient means of adding to their annual income. The half-pay officer"——

"Why, Bottomley," I interrupted, "you are talking like a book!"

"As a matter of fact," said Bottomley, "I am quoting the small bills issued by the Company whose agent I am." And, taking out an imposing-looking pocket-book, he went on (posing his pencil as he spoke)—

"Let me have the pleasure, Smiffy, of putting you on the straight road to fortune."

"But what is the road?" I asked. "Life Insurance on the Tontine system?"

"No."

"Shares in a gold-mine?"

"No."

"Selling packet tea on commission?"

"No."

"A new automatic supply machine, perchance?"

"No."

"Then what the dickens is it?"

Before replying, Bottomley came closer to me and put his lips to my ear. Then he said in a stage whisper—

"Why, one of our No. 2A Patent 24-Egg Hydrostatic Isothermal Incubators, carefully packed and delivered carriage paid at any railway-station within a hundred miles of the works for four-seven-six, including a Lamp and a Patent Foster-Mother lined with the best felt."

* * * *

The above line of stars must be taken to imply an interval of twenty-two minutes. At the end of that time Bottomley returned his order-book to his breast-pocket with a triumphant flourish, while I put my latchkey into my front door with mingled feelings of sanguine hope and remorseful sadness, for I well knew that, for better or worse, "A No. 2A Patent 24-Egg Hydrostatic Isothermal Incubator" would be on its way to my residence (packed as per agreement) ere the sun had again encarmindined the West with its setting rays!

CHAPTER I.

THE INCUBATOR COMES.

The Patriarch Job was quite out of it when he exclaimed, "Oh! that mine enemy had written a book!" What he ought to have said, if he could have exercised his prophetic gift, should have been, "Oh! that my enemy had tried to work an Incubator!"

For the information of those of my readers who, to their good fortune, have never seen an Incubator, I may mention that it is in appearance a cross between a hot potato can and an oxyhydrogen magic lantern, and you would never think, to look at it, that it could go wrong in such a diabolical number of ways.

Bottomley, who lives but four doors off from me, was good enough to come in the afternoon of its arrival to say, in a cheery way (he could be cheery, you see, for he had pocketed ten per cent commission on the sale he had made to me)—

"It's as simple as A B C, old fellow. You just fill the tubes and that with hot water, light your lamp, arrange the eggs in your egg-drawer, regulate your temperature, stick in your thermometer, and there you are, don't you know!"

And Bottomley was quite right as to the concluding portion of his remarks. There *we* were, surely enough, until an advanced hour of the night; whereas *he* wasn't there, as he took good care to take himself off as soon as ever Harriet brought up the first kettleful of boiling water to pour into "the tubes and that."

It was comparatively easy, after spilling enough boiling water to soak through the floor and spoil the drawing-room ceiling, to fill up the Incubator; but what proved a most difficult initiatory task was to get the water thus poured in up to the exact degree of temperature required.

If warm language would have done it, the proceedings would have been much simplified; but it wouldn't, and when, after four and a half hours of hard work, tempered by scalds, we had at last, at 8.37 p.m., induced the thermometer to register the desiderated degree of heat, the boiler of the Incubator began to leak as merrily as though it had been "St. David's Day in the morning!"

This being a journal intended for perusal in the family circle, it will, I am sure, be much better to draw a veil over the period which intervened between the discovery of the leak and the arrival, under protest and promise of double fees, of a sleepy blacksmith from the Walworth-road, who said he didn't "hold with sich new-fangled innyvations!"

Whether he held with them or not, he surely needn't have sat down on an expensive sitting of Houdan eggs! But this is a detail.

Anyhow, it was very nearly midnight before we had started the Incubator in what seemed a fairly satisfactory manner,

"The next thing I remember is being vehemently shaken from a deep sleep into gradual consciousness. 'Philander!' cried my wife, 'Philander! get up directly! The house is on fire, and we shall all be burned in our beds!'"

and at 12.49 a.m., when, before popping into bed, I paid a visit in my *chemise de nuit* to the store-room, in which it had been fixed up, the lamp was burning brightly, and the thermometer in the egg drawer registered just the heat which it ought to.

The next thing I remember is being vehemently shaken from a deep sleep into gradual consciousness. "Philander!" cried my wife, "Philander! get up directly! The house is on fire, and we shall all be burned in our beds!"

You will be able to realise how sleepy I was when I tell you that my first thought was that it would be on the whole more comfortable to be burned in one's bed than out of it. But, as Mrs. Smiff continued to shake and shout, I at last aroused, and, instinctively seizing the cracked ewer, in which water was never put, I tried to wriggle into my slippers and gave a prolonged sniff!

Then, if it had been light enough to note the fact, a glance of reassured intelligence flashed from my more widely opened eye, and I cried, "Be calm, Anna Maria! Be calm! It's not fire. It's chimneysweeps!"

"Chimneysweeps at three in the morning!" cried the mother of my babes, having in the meanwhile struck a match. "Rubbish, Philander! It's the kitchen flue on fire again! You mark my words if it isn't."

There being now a light, Mrs. Smiff must have seen the brilliant flashes of understanding which I evolved from both eyes this time, as I cried, sniffing protractedly again, "Of course! of *course*, I see it all now [I meant I *smell* it all!] It's that confounded Incubator!"

And so it was!

When I entered the store-room I could see nothing for thick black smoke: and as soon as my sight was able to penetrate the soot-impregnated gloom, I noticed that the Incubator lamp, which I had left at 12.49 so brightly burning, must soon after have gone in for a change of business, and started as a wholesale soot manufactory. Now, I am *not* a practical chemist, so I will not attempt to explain how a small lamp could generate more soot in a few hours than we were able to clear away in several weeks. But so it was. Nay, so it is! For to this day there is a sooty savour to everything we eat that contains as an ingredient anything which was in our store-room during that fatal night.

The thermometer, of course, told a disheartening tale. The eggs were, in fact, nearly as cold as I was by the time I returned, rather more sooty than a master chimney-sweep of refinement ever cares to be, to complete my disturbed slumbers.

CHAPTER II.

"IT WON'T GO!"

Next day, after the accumulated soot of that awful night had been carted away by a sportive Kennington *ramoneur*, who drove two donkeys tandem, I shut myself up all the morning with the printed "Directions" sent with our Incubator; and, after midday dinner, essayed to start "Nature's Superseder" (*vide* small bills) once more. This time we got under weigh with more luck, and I was about to go to tea with the calm satisfaction of a man who feels he has "something accomplished, something done," when, in taking a last anxious look at the temperature, I caught my coat-tail in the handle of the egg-drawer, and, in the expressive words of the comic poet, "Over went the Show"!

Now, sitting hens are troublesome enough, Heaven knows! but even if you should perchance hitch your coat-tail in their feet you don't necessarily swamp your drawing-room. Whereas—but no matter, let it pass!—as the licensed victualler said when he discovered his own father palming off a flash half-crown on him!

By this time I was so accustomed to filling up the Incubator that I only scalded one of the children while doing so; and as I directed the policeman on night duty to throw up gravel at my window every second hour, I managed to keep the lamp burning till morning. But these nocturnal visits to the store-room so upset me that in testing the temperature about 11.30 a.m. I dropped the thermometer, and, of course, smashed it.

To rush off to Negretti and Zambra's on Holborn-viaduct for a new one was only the work of an hour or so; but how were we to know what the temperature was meanwhile?

Anna Maria nobly kept her little finger in the hole in the egg-drawer all the time I was gone; but this act, though well meant and devoted, was not in reality of very much practical use.

I have described somewhat in detail our first experiences with "Nature's Superseder"; but were I to similarly enlarge on our life during the whole period of incubation this Christmas Number would scarcely suffice to contain the harrowing particulars.

My few remarks on the subject must be general. Suffice it to say, then, that from the hour this Incubator was first set going it wholly revolutionised our daily life. Frankenstein's "Monster," if I may put it somewhat expressively, was a fool to that exacting apparatus. It is true that, according to "Direction No. 47," it was presumably possible, having once set the "Isothermal Regulator," to leave the Incubator for ten hours. But in actual practice it proved dangerous to leave it even for ten minutes!

Why, it wasn't safe even to have one's meals in peace, and on the few occasions I ventured to go out to tea while it was working, it fetched me home again as assuredly as though it had been my nurse and had come round for me with a perambulator.

That dreadful Incubator, in short, not only destroyed my domestic comfort, but revolutionised my daily life. The long walks in which I delighted had to be cut short on account of it; the short visits to the sea, which served as "pick-me-ups," had to be temporarily given up; nights at the club were as impossible as afternoons at the play. Like some insatiable monster with fiery breath, that dread "No. 2A" apparatus preyed upon my peace of mind, till at length I had a severe attack of what I may call "Incubatoria" on the brain, and I found myself changing interminable rows of red-hot eggs in my sleep, or counting numberless chickens before they were hatched. Nay, one night (after paying four visits to the store-room in a kind of waking trance) I went to sleep and dreamed that "Nature's Superseder" was doomed to become my life-long "Incu-bête-noire"! All the time, however, I had been buoyed up by the lingering hope that everything would come right at the end of the three weeks; and when my faith waxed faint I used to encourage myself by reading the book of "Testimonials" Bottomley had given me; especially that glowing one from the pen of the Rev. Peter C——, 9, West Claysham, who with a "No. 1A Incubator" had hatched out, he declared, seventy-five chickens from six dozen eggs; this seeming impossibility being explained by a postscript, in which this ingenuous person artlessly asserted that he supposed his exceptional luck must have been owing to the fact that three of the eggs had double yolks!

When I was in the dolefullest dumps this "Testimonial," and one from a worthy pig-dealer, 9, Stoke Pogis, beginning "Please send four more of your largest size Incubators, which are worth their weight in solid gold," used to cheer me; and on the last night of the Incubator's period I sank, towards morning, into a fitful doze, with the book of "Testimonials" and a spare thermometer under my pillow.

The twenty-first day dawned at length, and I admit that I felt deeply disappointed not to be greeted by the sound of muffled "cheepings" issuing from the closed egg-drawer as I entered the store-room, followed by my wife, the seven children, our maid-of-all-work, Harriet, Mrs. Hobbs, our charwoman (who was allowed to come because her late husband had once hatched an ostrich egg in South Africa by going to bed with it and keeping there for

seventeen days after the hen-bird had deserted her nest), and little Teddy Bottomley, who had been sent in by his father to bring back my "Testimonial" when the hatching was over.

Each of us carried a chair, and, forming with them a Christy Minstrel-like semicircle round the Incubator, we sat down and awaited the development of events.

CHAP. III. THEIR DEVELOPMENT.

We sat on.

CHAP. IV. THEIR DITTO.

And on!

CHAP. V. THEIR DITTO.

And on again!

CHAP. VI. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

Seven p.m. was striking as Mrs. Smiff's brother George, a practical Sussex yeoman, unexpectedly appeared on the scene. With a voice broken with emotion I explained to "Brother George" the exact state of affairs, and begged him to throw his practised eye over the contents of the egg-drawer.

Amid a hush that was painful in its intensity, he went up to the "Incubator," deliberately opened the egg-drawer, and, taking up an egg, shook it slowly at the side of his right ear.

CHAP. VII. THE END OF THE BEGINNING.

Without speaking a word "Brother George," having put down egg number one, took up and similarly shook numbers two to twenty-four. Then, with a smile which I cannot but describe as heartless, he turned to me and said, "If you've anything to do downstairs, Brother Philander, you've no call to sit up here no longer. The eggs is all addled. Every blessed one on 'em!"

CHAP. VIII. FINIS CORONAT OPUS (?)

And they were!

EPILOGUE.

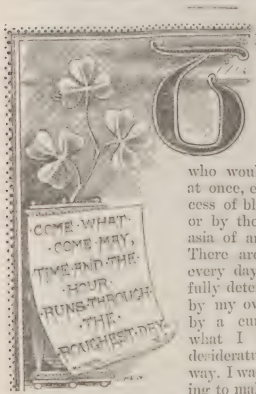
In the following week's *Chop and Change* you might have read under the head of "POULTRY APPLIANCES" this advertisement:—

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—A No. 2A PATENT 24-EGG HYDROSTATIC ISOTHERMAL INCUBATOR, *with Lamp and Felt-lined Foster-Mother complete. Will take Broody Hens, Tennis Rackets, or Pianoforte Arrangements of the Grand Operas with Piccolo Accompaniment in Exchange, or Open to offer.—Apply to* O. P. Q. PHILANDER SMIFF.

MY FIRST LOVE AND MY LAST.

A TALE OF THE EIFFEL TOWER.

BY JOHN AUGUSTUS O'SHEA.



THE evil germ had been developing in my morbidly excited mind for months. Mine is a wayward but not an impulsive temperament. There are persons, situated as I was, who would have sought death at once, either by the quick process of blowing out their brains or by the more refined euthanasia of an overdose of chloral. There are persons who do so every day. But although I had fully determined to end my life by my own act, I was haunted by a curious desire to effect what I then regarded as a desideratum in some notable way. I was possessed by a hankering to make a "brilliant finish." You are right. I had been frequenting race-meetings and backing my fancy pretty freely, with the usual result that I had lost money; but it was not that which impelled me to *felo de se*. There is another passion which is even stronger than that of gambling—the master passion of love. And I was the victim of an unrequited attachment. I took to the turf simply to dispel the abiding grief which had fallen like a cloud upon my career. In the words of the Irish poet, "Sorrow" had, indeed, "my young days shaded."

Few who had watched the bright, active lad with ruddy cheeks who wielded the bat or hunted the leather in the Dulwich playing-fields seven years before would recognise him in the spare, pale, woe-begone man of lack-lustre eye and flaccid muscle who stood in the *queue* attending the Combaluzier lift at the west corner of the Eiffel Tower on a sunny morning of last August. At last I had solved the problem which had been vexing me. I had hit upon the plan of throwing myself off the top platform of the loftiest structure in creation. That would be something unique; my body would be so disfigured by the fall that identification would be impossible; death would be instantaneous—almost painless. I calculated that the breath would have left me before I touched the soil.

This cold, almost mathematical, weighing of the circumstances of my proposed dissolution may strike the reader as unnatural. I assure him it is not so. There is method in madness, and the suicide is under the spell of a very terrible form of mania. The suicide should not be abhorred as a criminal, but compassionated as a martyr to mental disease. Thank goodness the days are past when an unpitying world buried him at a cross-roads by night, and drove a stake through his dishonoured corpse. At least I shall be spared that indignity. I had thought over these things deliberately as I purchased my ticket, waited my turn, stepped into the lift, and glided up the inclined plane to the first platform.

How spacious and beautiful the view from this vantage point! What a diversified chart of city and country beneath, watered by the steely blue meandering Seine, and ringed by such a framework of hill and grove, field and vineyard! This earth, after all, is fair to gaze upon, and would be tolerable to exist in, if one were only happy. How fresh the air! There is almost an exhilaration in breathing it. But I must not falter. I should be above these weaknesses. The die is cast. I have burned my boats. I cannot go back from my resolution. My tongue is hot, my palate parched. I am thirsty. There are four restaurants here: a Russian—I don't like Russians; a Flemish—ugh! they are coarse; Bróbant's—too dear, and even would-be suicides must be economic; Spiers and Pond's—that is more like home: and as this is to be my last drink on this sublunar sphere, let it be an English one, drawn by English hands. How the glass of cool bitter ale sparkles as held to the light; how tempting when the clear amber of the liquid reveals itself transparent; and how attractive the mantling crown of beady foam!

I must buy a ticket for the ascension to the second platform, for we mount by stages. Singular, that when such observations should momentarily have less hold upon my interest, I remark that this lift is upon the hydraulic principle. This second platform is nigh four hundred feet above the level of the Champ de Mars; the view is wider but less animated, the streets indistinctly merge, the river is a slender sinuous tape, the hills flatten out, the palace of Versailles peeps from behind a curtain of verdure. There is the inevitable luncheon-bar here—how gross mortals will gorge!—and not far from it the office of the aërial *Figaro*. A sunburnt, broad-shouldered young fellow with curly black hair is writing his name on the Register of those who have ascended thus far, kept by the newspaper people. As he finishes with a flourish and a laugh, an elegantly proportioned girl beside him—her dress of dark-blue serge, trimmed with white cashmere and surmounted by a sailor hat, proclaims her no Frenchwoman—murmurs "How ridiculous!" and releases a silvery rill of laughter. There is a peculiarity in the intonation that wakes half-forgotten souvenirs.

"Well, old girl," he says, "as you won't come any higher, just hang about here while I go aloft."

As I leant over the Register I noticed among the list of grandees and generals with the nobiliary particle the signature "Rear-Admiral Flapdingle." One of these vulgar Americans, I suppose. Still, as I too had to climb to the next platform for private reasons, and there was but one lift—vertical now—I perforce would have to put up with his society. We are elevated in a big box fitting into a square cage, and, when we are about halfway, our jerky motion is arrested, and we change into another box which conveys us to our journey's summit. Here I am quite nine hundred feet from the ground. I knit my brow, clench my teeth, and brace my limbs. Courage for the ultimate leap which is to free me from the trammels of a selfish, deceitful generation, the sordid ills of a base humanity!

Horror! Wicked, malicious Eiffel! I cannot realise the ambition that fires my soul. The upper portion of the enclosure of the platform is hedged with plates of thick glass. There is a corkscrew staircase to the roof which leads to the belvedere above. Would it be possible? The hope is abandoned before it is well entertained. Baulked again. It is private. What shall I do? Descend and lie down before a train of the Decauville Railway, or drown myself in a basin of the luminous fountains? Suddenly I am violently slapped on the back, and a breezy voice addresses me. It is Rear-Admiral Flapdingle. He is aggressively healthy and insultingly familiar.

"Hallo! stick-in-the-mud, is it yourself is in it? What have you been up to? You look white and thin, a regular churchyard deserter."

"You have the advantage of me, Sir."

"No, I haven't—at least I have, but I sha'n't keep it long. Look at me again."

"I fail to recognise you."

"Unless I'm very much mistaken, I recognise *you*, Master Willie Piercy. Do you recollect Dulwich?"

"That is my name, and I do recollect Dulwich; but I can't bring you to mind."

"Well, you are an old duffer! Don't you remember Tom Bullamy?"

It was a dear college chum, who had been my partner in a study of the menagerie behind the Greyhound, had been my colleague in the Ingoldsby Dramatic Club, my comrade in many a wild prank. It was *her* brother.

"Dear me!" I said, "how brown you have got! Where have you been? I haven't seen you for ages? How are you getting on?"

"None better, my hearty. I've been at sea, and at this present I am purser of the Transatlantic liner the City of Chicago. But, I say, I can't congratulate you on your good looks. You are as miserable in the face as if you were going to commit suicide."

Tom was a rattle; and he did rattle on, never waiting for a reply.

"Jolly old lighthouse this—we're at a famous altitude; 'tis just like the crow's-nest of a whaler—Forth Bridge a bigger machine, though—Have had such a disappointment"—(I too had had my disappointment)—"Got one of the Inman flags stowed away in my small-clothes, and meant to have hoisted it over the tricolour just for a lark—No chance, though."

A series of guttural grunts rent the air, and out of the lift which succeeded ours tumbled a mob of copper-coloured, high-cheeked braves, a contingent from the Wild West encampment.

"We're in luck," said Tom. "There's Major Burke, Arizona John, and hi! my conscience! Rocky Bear, Lone-Eye, Scares-the-Wind, Blue Rainbow, Kills Backward—the whole boilin' of 'em. They came across with a pal of mine."

Major Burke shook hands warmly with Bullamy, and congratulated him on his presence there at that particular hour. Edison, he said, was on the tower with the son of the President of the United States and a party, and they were going up to Eiffel's private apartment, where they were to have a high old time of it. If we waited, he would take us under his wing. By the next lift the great man arrived, and the savages of Colonel Cody's troop received him with a species of war-whoop strangled in the birth, and a slapping of their distended cheeks, which, it appears, is the Red-Indian equivalent for "hurroo!" Then the company—and we with them—went to an upper room, where the phonograph was turned on, and astonished us with recitations, a flute solo borrowed from Mr. John Radcliffe, a violin performance from Mr. Carrodus, and a charming song repeated from Mdlle. Leroux. We were hospitably treated by M. Salles, son-in-law to M. Eiffel: and we descended together to the second platform, the great man having expressed a wish to visit the *Figaro* office. On the route, Tom Bullamy abruptly asked me was I married.

"No," I answered; "I never loved but once: my first love shall be my last."

"Don't be so dramatic," he said. "This is not an Ingoldsby show. Why didn't you marry the girl? You know, Willie, she was awful spoons on you, and it was a confounded shame for you to have jilted her as you did."

"What?" exclaimed I. "Did Maude really love me? Are you serious in what you say? This is no joking matter. I beg of you, do not deceive me."

"Love you, you absurd donkey? She worshipped the very ground you trod on!"

"Then why did she answer 'No' when I put her a certain question that night on Denmark-hill? Ah! Tom, Tom, you do not understand women."

"You don't mean that she 'gave you the mitten,' as the Americans say?"

"She rejected my suit, if that is what you are driving at. There was a rival, believe me, and he was preferred."

"That, I am sure, was not the case."

"What of the sandy-whiskered gentleman who accompanied her to the Savoy Church the following Sunday, who took her to Brock's fireworks at the Crystal Palace—in fact, who escorted her like a shadow for weeks? I could not bear it, and sought distraction in travel."

Tom burst into a perfect tempest-howl of laughter. "Othello," he exclaimed, "by all that's lovely! Why, that was Cousin Goldfinch from Faversham, the best fellow alive, a married man. But Maude cannot have been in earnest in rejecting you. From what I hear she was fretting for months after you disappeared."

"Is she married?" I timidly inquired.

"No; nor promised. I'm afraid if Prince Charming does not come shortly she will be tempted to turn nursing-sister, or do something desperate. But, I say, Willie, is it true that you have been doing desperate things yourself? They do report that you are a regular Benzon—have run a rig on the turf and been hard hit—dropped a pot of money?"

"Everybody who has ever risked a sou and lost it pretends that he has dropped a pot of money. I am happy to tell you that, as far as I am concerned, it is a gross exaggeration. I have got back all I sunk, and a bit over. I was on Mousset's mount for the Auteuil steeplechase, and was lucky on the Grand Prix day; but no more racing for me."

"I am glad of that, and so will the mater be. She would never consent to Maude's wedding a sport."

"And Maude herself, do you think she loves me still?"

By this we had arrived at the second platform. "There she is," said Tom. "You had better ask her yourself."

Suffice it that we flushed, grasped hands, and before our tongues could articulate, our eyes had come to an understanding.

"How could you be so cruel?" I said reproachfully.

"Ah! Willie, I thought you had more common-sense than to imagine that when a maiden said 'No' she could mean anything else but 'Yes.'"

"Now we're busy," broke in Rear-Admiral Flapdingle. "If I were a parson I'd contract to perform the matrimonial service—I hear pursers had that privilege formerly. Maude, recollect this time you must say 'Yes' to the Dulwich boy; and, Willie, bear in mind you must say 'Come to my arms, my Batchelor girl.' As I can't splice the knot, I propose that we splice the mainbrace."

Joined by the mater, we dined that evening at the Grand Hotel, where the viands are consumed to the strains of an orchestra. To the swelling bars of a march, the soup was eaten. By the time we got to the roasts the edge of appetite was blunted, and we were in that comfortable frame of body when a valse of Waldteufel can be enjoyed. Auber helped forward the entremets, and we hurried through the dessert to the maddening precipitance of Ingelbrecht's "Dynamite Galop." Maude whispered that she preferred Mendelssohn's "Wedding March."

CAUGHT IN THE ACT.

Drawn by Walter J. Allen.

CHRISTMAS FIRESIDE FANCIES.—*Drawn by Hal Ludlow.*

WELL, *I* am "one of those old fogeys,"
And I consider it a crime
To underrate (as now the vogue is)
Old Christmas ways at Christmas time.
Man, take your gulp, or take your toothful
Of Christmas wine from glad grapes wrung:
Know he who plays at feeling youthful
Ends (just you try) by being young.

Keep all the customs, not without heart,
And they will kindly, everyone,
Make every weak heart throb, a stout heart!
With Feeling veined and freaked with Fun.
Feeling that has been hybernated
A twelvemonth shall wake up and sing!
Good Humour with blithe Joyance mated,
Under sweet Charity, crowned King!

For weeks before we read, in glances
As bright as wind-swept winter stars,
True tales of Christmas Fireside Fancies
Wrought by fond watchers 'twixt the bars.
Forecasts of clear care-killing laughter—
Dear dreams of loves yet unavowed—
Great games and romps 'neath ruddy rafter,
Soft fireside lays and carols loud.

Come Gradgrind, and sour Scrooge, a gage is
Flung to you here, and all your set.
The artist in his Christmas page is
Determined you shall not forget
Your youth, *her* youth, your past, your present;
These hours so pinched, those hours so prime!
So smile, my Scrooge! Gradgrind, look pleasant!
'Tis our and your old Christmas time.

Attend, and while your hearts are glowing
With novel rapture, stoop and stop,
To mark that couple mistletoe-ing
Just round the corner at the top.
Would it were you! Of course, *I* know it!
You're human still for all your pelf.
Why I, your rhymer, p'raps your poet,
I've felt that sort of pang myself.

Our bachelor's one toast is double—
Half dumb, half spoken to his teeth—
He drinks "To Her!"—she's worth the trouble:
Behold her portrait underneath!
Our butler, starched to grace a station
That could not (could it?) well be higher
At Christmas, burgeons the occasion
With such a pudding and blue fire!

Hold fast, I beg, you precious pickles!
Lest in a helpless laughter-fit
You tribute pay to Harry Nicholls
By tumbling headlong in the pit.
"Fun, fast and furious," pure for sure, he,
With Herbert, makes, and starts a roar—
A Christmas roar!—that shakes old Drury
From topmost gallery to floor.

Come, little children, you're on our side,
With Santa Claus in simple trust.
Give them the thorny, us the flower side;
We Christmas love, and love we must!
We are all one age now: grey to gold comes:
Hearts beating time as hands clasp hands.
Refreshing youth to the worn and old comes
At Yuletide in Yule-keeping lands.

Dear Fireside Fancies! look, and listen!
They smile and whisper in your face:
We see the leaves and berries glisten
In cottage, hall, and sacred place.
We hear the lovers swift careering
On gleaming skates across the lake;
We share that dreaming maiden's peering—
God bless us all for Christmas' sake!

BYRON WEBBER.

KING CHRISTMAS.

KING CHRISTMAS cometh blithe and jolly,
Crowned with the mistletoe and holly,
Proclaiming wide that melancholy
Its rusty fetters shall unbind;
Bringing a welcome to all races,
In lofty or in lowly places,
Wafting to earth's remotest spaces
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

King Christmas in his royal palace
Fills to the brim a golden chalice,
And envy, hatred, scorn, and malice
No mortal in its dregs will find:
Although his coffers hold no treasure,
His bounty is beyond all measure
In gifts of happiness, love, pleasure,
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

When through his realm King Christmas goeth,
His ample visage gladness showeth,
For well that genial monarch knoweth
How best to soothe the troubled mind:
His subjects, when grim care oppresses,
Are comforted by his caresses;
And one creed only he professes—
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

His majesty doth with all nations
Maintain the friendliest relations,
Happy to join in gay ovations,
In ceremonial pomp enshrined;
But happiest when his subjects, hearing
His footsteps, shout at his appearing,
And he responds in tones endearing,
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

His people are not slain like cattle
Upon the crimson field of battle;
No sword or bayonet they rattle,
Nor cities burn, nor captives bind;
A gentler rule King Christmas loveth,
And scenes of horror he reproveth:
His anthem is, where'er he moveth,
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

He banisheth regret and sorrow,
Bids Age be hopeful, Youth to borrow
Bright visions from the coming morrow,
Leaving the shadowy past behind:
And hearts will gladden, eyes will glisten,
In temple, palace, cot, and prison,
When to his regal chant they listen—
"Peace and goodwill to all mankind!"

JOSEPH VEREY.

"RATS."

A SKETCH.

BY WILLIAM MACKAY,

AUTHOR OF "THE POPULAR IDOL," &c.

His name was Ratcliffe. And "Rats" was the nickname affectionately bestowed on him by his colleagues of the chorus. There was no offence in the epithet; indeed, it was devoid even of meaning, being a contraction of the name which he had inherited.

He sang—did "Rats"—in the choir which discoursed madrigals, glees, and part-songs to the diners in the Renaissance Restaurant, a well-known establishment not far from Piccadilly-circus. I suppose music must help digestion. It, at all events, saves the ignorant or indolent from the pains of conversation. And the people who elect to dine in a big crowd, on what is called a "dinner at a fixed price," would probably be devoid of those intellectual graces which expand at table after the manner of decanted claret.

It was a spacious and lofty apartment in which these glee dinners took place. There was much gilding and carving of plinths and pillars. The electric lamps shed a tempered and steady light, and there was always an odour of flowers and fruit mingling with the less romantic perfumes from the plates.

At one end of the room, on a raised platform, were seated the choir, composed one half of boys' voices and one half of the voices of men. Accompanied by a piano, violin, and harp, the members of the choir rose from their places and stood facing the audience, and sang "Awake, sweet love," or "All among the barley," or "Who will o'er the downs so free?"

Some old fogeys occasionally dined in the glee-room, because these glees so sung by the boys brought them back to the old days at Evans's. Hearing them, those glad old times came back again with surprising vividness, for there is nothing like music to stimulate the association of ideas; and, listening to the strains of Bishop and of Arne, the old fogeys were young again, and enjoyed a melancholy satisfaction in the awakened memories.

I suppose it has never occurred to any of the few old fogeys who affect the glee-room of the Renaissance that the boys whom they heard at Evans's, what time potatoes *were* potatoes and steaks *were* steaks—that the boys who sang to them then are now grown-up men, with families of their own. Some, indeed, have ceased to be as far as earthly being is, and, let us hope, their voices are found acceptable in choirs otherwhere. Others probably have wisely adopted a career of bachelorhood. But the most of them, we may be sure, have married and settled down.

The father of "Rats" was one of these. At least, he married; but, if the truth must be told, he did not settle down to any very alarming extent. The late nights at Evans's, the fumes of the steaming tumblers of hot whisky, the laughter of the night-birds who sat below smoking and talking, and occasionally dipping their fingers into Paddy Green's snuffbox, had all a bad effect on the susceptible mind of William Rateliffe. His minor morals were affected, and when he arrived at man's estate he was not at all incapable of Bacchus, and was, indeed, as convivial a soul as any of the many convivial spirits who day and night move about the classic purlieus of Covent-garden.

William came of a race of musicians. So when he found one day that his voice had fled with his youth, he was glad of the parental foresight that had taught him the violin. He was an unambitious young man, and got a position in the orchestra of a West-End theatre, and at an early age he married an unambitious young woman, who died shortly after having given birth to their only child.

During the day the paternal Rateliffe spent a considerable amount of time in the many convenient taverns that abound in theatrical—as in all other—localities. He, however, found time to cultivate his boy's voice, and when the youth was quite a baby obtained for him a place in the choir of St. Simon Stylites, Bedford-square; and when he grew older and more confident the youth, on his own account, had obtained a position among the glee singers at the Renaissance, where he was christened "Rats," and where the sweetness and purity of his voice were greatly appreciated.

It was well for his father, perhaps, that the boy had obtained these two situations, for the poor man had gone from bad to worse, and, indeed, was now become little better than a pothouse sponge, far gone in consumption, and so indifferent to his personal appearance that old acquaintances, seeing him afar off, discreetly crossed the road and passed by on the other side. He had become a mockery and a byword. He was declared to be the one thing not needful.

There was one, however, who did not share these sentiments. Little "Rats" loved his father with a rare devotedness. It was his father who had nursed him in infancy, who had made a companion of him in childhood, who had taught him all he knew of music, and who even now, in his maudlin way, made much of him, and even condescended to squander in intoxicating drinks the poor little stipend which he brought home with him from the Renaissance of Saturday nights.

When I think of "Rats," hungry, perhaps, and surely sore at heart, standing up before the hearty feeders in the glee-room and trolling out with his fresh strong voice the notes of "Where the bee sucks," I declare that, like Captain Shandy, I am "smit with pity." His Eton suit fits him like a glove, his cuffs and collar are spotlessly white, as are the little cotton gloves on his hands. But his face is drawn and his eyes are eager, because he is insufficiently fed. A basin of that *Consommé à la Princesse* which you, Madam, are sipping just beneath him would do him a world of good. And you, my good Sir, who are rating the waiter because of the gigantic proportions of the whitebait, little know what comfort just a tiny plateful of those delicacies would bring to the hungry lad—hungry here in the midst of plenty.

After all, too, he is only a boy. And I still more commiserate him when the diners beneath him arrive at the "sweets." How he would enjoy that *Poudin à la Nesselrode*, and revel in the richness of the dessert! They give you a wonderful deal for your "fixed price" at the Renaissance. What a pity that just a trifle of it could not be spared for poor "Rats," whose dinner at home consisted of a kipper, and who now has to sing with spirit amid the clatter of knives and forks, the rich odours of the dishes, the popping of the champagne corks, and the loudening conversation of the guests!

Let me do "Rats" every justice. He is little better than a child, and he must now and then be conscious of longings which are of a more or less carnal kind. But his first thought is not of himself. He is thinking how his poor consumptive father would enjoy these luxuries. How his strength would come back in a stream of that generous Chambertin, or how his eyes would sparkle after a glass of that Pommery of 1880! The other little boys in Eton suits and turn-down collars have got used to the smell of the viands and the clatter of the cutlery and the sparkle of the glasses. During the intervals they withdraw their eyes from beholding vanity, and devote themselves to adventurous fiction in penny numbers. At home they would, probably, incur penalties if discovered reading of redskins and robbers and other disreputable cumberers of the ground. Here, however, they may pursue their studies unrebuked. But poor "Rats" looks and longs, longs and looks. He has now studied *menus*, and has picked up, from hearing the customers discuss the matter, some rudimentary notions about the brands and age of wines.

In his juvenile way he argued that if his father ever could know what pleasant surroundings were, what perfectly cooked food, sound wine, and respectable company meant, he would awake to the dirty squalor of the bar-parlour with its sawdust, long pipes, spittoons, and indescribable stale smell of generations of tobacco. One day perhaps he would be rich. People who were judges spoke of the fine quality of his voice. When that day arrived he would take his father—a reformed, rejuvenescent, and retailored parent—to dine in the glee-room of the Renaissance.

You will not be surprised to hear—for you have studied human nature, whether you would or not—that, to a large extent, this rare affection was largely wasted. Mr. Rateliffe senior, while always demonstrative in his expressions of affection with regard to his son, was not by any means practical in his benevolence. And a little extra conviviality on the part of the parent would not unfrequently get away with the money "Rats" had earned both from the Church and from the World. In their one room in Tavistock-street the cupboard was often bare. But "Rats" hoped and prayed, and looked forward to the day when all would be well, and when "the Dad," as he called him, would appear clothed and in his right mind.

The clothed period was nearer than "Rats" imagined. Whether the right-mindedness came with the clothes will presently appear.

* * * * *

One December night "Rats" returned from the Renaissance to his poor room, and, to his surprise, found that his father had a guest. There was a bottle on the table, and both men were smoking cigars of abnormal proportions. "Rats" took an instinctive dislike to his father's friend. He was a rather loudly dressed man, with big rings and a big watch-chain; he wore white spats over his boots, and carried a Malacca cane. There was a sporting cut about his clothes and a leery expression about his face which denoted a gentleman who had some sort of illicit connection with the turf.

Indeed, he described himself as a "sporting man," when subsequently he was brought before—— But I anticipate.

Father was clearly under the influence of liquor, and on the entrance of the boy introduced him with unnecessary volubility:—

"Jack, my boy, this is my old friend Moss—friend of my youth. Shake his hand, my boy. Honest hand—hand of fine old English gentleman!"

"Rats" took the proffered hand—a moist and not very cleanly paw.

"Glad to make your acquaintance, Sir," said the sporting gentleman. "Knew your father years ago; sorry to see him so dickey. He's comin' on a bit of a holiday along o' me."

"Yes, Jack," interrupted the father; "goin' away for a week or two. Moss make our fortunes—yours an' mine, Jack"——

"Shut up, you fool," interpolated Mr. Moss in a whisper.

"New rig out—suits of clothes—immense swell."

The sportsman hereupon interfered once more.

"You see I've had a bit of a windfall, and bein' a pal as *is* a pal, I thought my friend Bill 'ere would be all the better for a change of air and a change of clothes at the same time."

"Oh, thank you, Sir," said the singing-boy, still suspicious, but grateful also in spite of himself. "Thank you. He needs it so much."

Ratcliffe senior and the visitor then whispered together, and in a minute or two the benevolent Moss, having wished father and son a hearty good night, went heavily down the narrow staircase, and was swallowed up in the maelstrom of the Strand.

Ratcliffe *père* was childishly happy. He seemed particularly pleased at the prospect of new clothes, and was eloquent in praise of his friend Mr. Moss.

"Splendid place in the country, Jack—old friend—met him Goat and Compasses three weeks ago. Says he'll make my fortune. Hope so, 'm sure."

Here the innate selfishness of the man asserted itself.

"Meantime," he went on, "bird in the hand worth any 'mount of birds in a bush. Stick to business, my boy—Restaurant and Church—good business—suits me: rum and true religion—Byron—hic!"

"And when will you be back, dad?" asked the boy, who had never been left alone in the poor lodgings before.

"'Fore Christmas—really—little trip—gain health—make fortune. Sound affair, my boy. Bless you!"

Having got rid of this pious aspiration, he tumbled into the bed with his clothes on, and was presently snoring the snore of the habitual tippler.

"Rats" scarcely knew whether to be sorry or rejoiced. He was happy to think of his father in the country, newly clad, luxuriously fed, and made much of—but made much of by a man like Moss? No; that reflection liked him less.

When "Rats" woke in the morning, his father's bed was empty, and his father had gone out. On the table, scribbled in pencil and in a trembling hand, was this missive:—

"5 A.M.

"My dear Son,—I could not bear to wake you, you were in such a sound sleep. I have to catch an early train for the North, and shall write you on my arrival. I shall return before Christmas Day. I hope we shall spend a happy time together—you and I. I am in *two* goose clubs. Be a good boy, and look after the homestead. Tata.—W. R."

Little boys soon become little men in London town—particularly when they are sent out to fight the battle of life single-handed. And, although "Rats" grieved that his father should have departed without a farewell, he put a good face on the matter, and went about his business.

He had been left in charge of what his father grandiloquently called the "homestead." This trust afforded him a certain sense of responsibility which was gratifying to the boy-mind. He would patiently look out for the paternal letters, and wait a little anxiously, mayhap, for that happy Christmas—now within a reasonable distance—which his father had promised him.

* * * * *

I was myself at the Renaissance on the night when it all

AN EAST-END LONDON CHRISTMAS: THE POOR SEMPSTRESS.

happened. Indeed, that is how I came to know anything about the Ratcliffe family and its circumstances.

On Christmas Eve the *menu* in the glee-room was more than usually liberal. The turkeys were not innocent of truffles, and plum-pudding boldly took the place of daintier Parisian confections. A goodly company of people whose hearts were perhaps opened by the associations of the season sat round the tables. Conversation was very general, and was carried on in heartier tones than usual.

The glee boys on the stage were engaged in singing "When the quiet moon is beaming," when two gentlemen came and occupied a table situated close to the stage.

One was Mr. Moss, clothed in much the same style as when last we saw him. The other was Mr. Ratcliffe senior, in a suit of dittoes of an offensively large pattern. The gentlemen sat down without noticing the contemptuous expression of the waiters. Indeed, so ignorant was Ratcliffe of the fact that there was anything wrong about his "make-up" that he confided at once in the servitor appointed to his particular table.

"See that young fellow in the centre?" he said, with a chuckle. "That's my boy. Did ye ever hear his upper G? Ah! you've missed a treat."

"Beg parding, Sir; but wich soup will you 'ave. There's *Consummy Marry Loo-ease* an' there's *Beesque dee Om-ard*."

Moss ordered the soup while Ratcliffe babbled on in praise of his boy, who with pale face and trembling lips had now recognised him. The proud parent nodded encouragements at his offspring, and beat time with his fork on the table before him.

These demonstrations, though evincing a fine fatherly affection, were somewhat out of place. It will be recollected, however, that Ratcliffe was a man of expansive emotions, and that in the houses where he was wont in the ordinary way to take his refreshment no absurd restraints were placed upon the method of signifying one's opinion. He had never in his life before dined so sumptuously. What was Evans's, with its grilled chops and baked potatoes, to this magnificence? Nothing, indeed!

The effect of his father's presence on "Rats" was extraordinary. How often had he looked forward to seeing the "dear dad" dine here! And now, alas! he found his presence embarrassing beyond measure. He did not like the suit in which he was arrayed, and he positively loathed the companion who sat opposite him. How was it they looked so out of place among these Christmas Eve diners?

All things earthly have an end, and an end came to the glee-room dinner. "Rats" had escaped at the earliest moment, leaving by the performers' exit, and went round to the vestibule to meet his father as he came out.

The snow was on the ground, and the cabs and omnibuses ran on muffled wheels: boys were shouting special editions; lucifer matches were vended in the gutter, and other wares flaunted up and down on the pavement.

Presently down the stairs came Moss and his companion. Two men watched them and followed them into the street, and just as "Rats" was rushing towards his father the two men approached the diners, and, closing with them, quietly announced, "You are prisoners." "Rats" understood dimly that something serious had happened, but he could not appreciate the full significance of the situation. Not so a ragged vendor of literature, who, seizing the position at a glance, called out after the figures retreating towards Vine-street, "A merry Christmiss to both on ye!"

So all his childlike labour was lost on this father of his—was thrown away—and the heart of "Rats" was frozen when he heard the charge of forgery brought against the father that he loved. Kind people tried to make the Christmas Day tolerable to the dejected "Rats"; but the efforts were in vain. His poor little heart was broken. When his father subsequently went into penal servitude "Rats" disappeared.

No more will his voice be heard at matins or at evensong in the Church of St. Simon Stylites, nor will he lead the chorus in the "Chough and Crow" at the Renaissance.

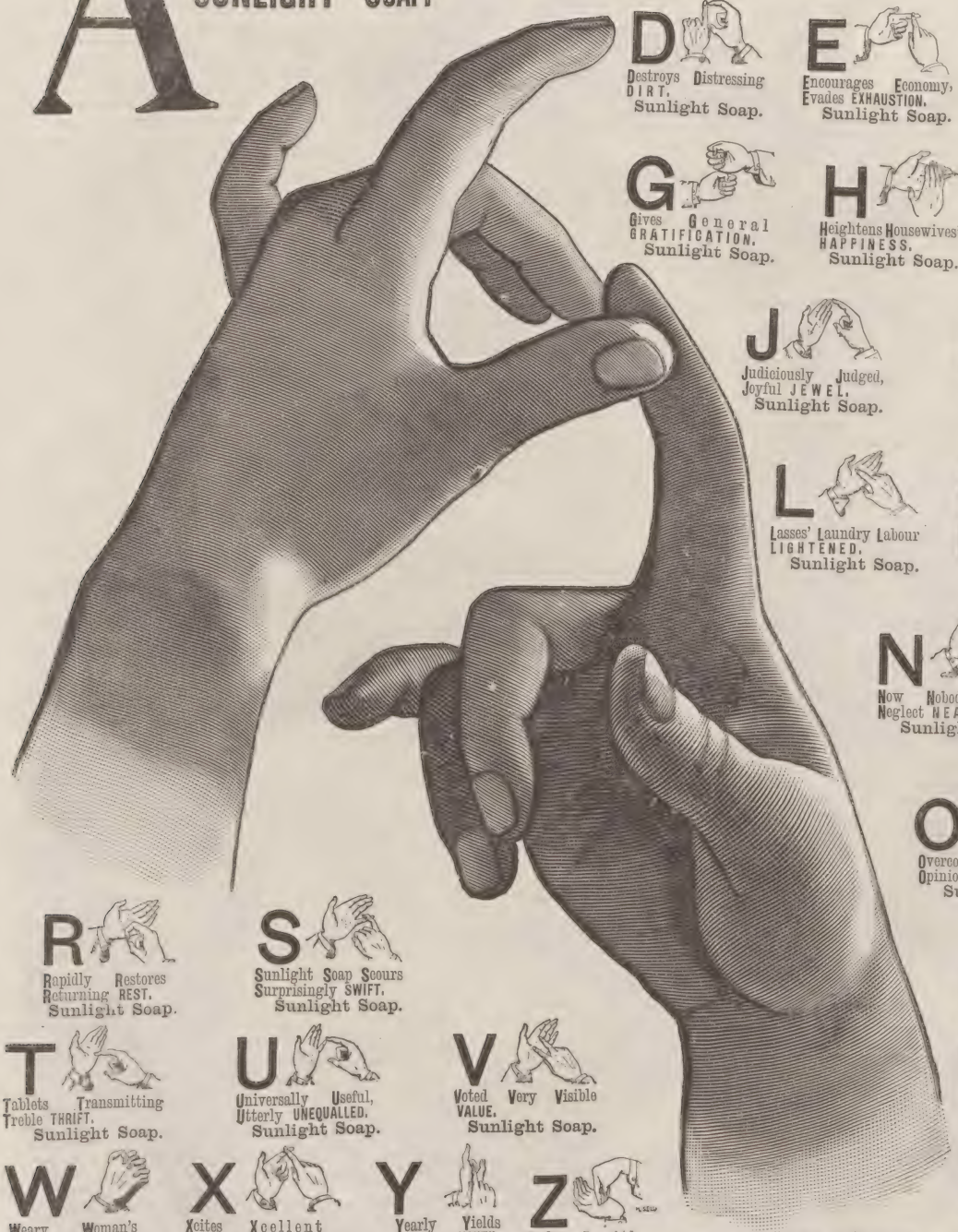
What has become of him? I know not. He disappeared utterly, and has never been seen again.

A HINT FOR THE CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS: TOMMY'S TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT HOME.

Drawn by Harry Furniss.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

A An Article Attracting Attention.
SUNLIGHT SOAP.



B By Brightness BEAUTIFIES. Sunlight Soap.

C Creates Comfort, CHEAPLY. Sunlight Soap.

D Destroys Distressing DIRT. Sunlight Soap.

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Y Yearly Yields Younger YOUTH. Sunlight Soap.

Z Zeal Zenith Zunlight Zoap.

DEAF AND DUMB ALPHABET.

SIR CHARLES A. CAMERON, M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Vice-President of the Institute of Chemistry of Great Britain, Chief Medical Officer of Health for Dublin, S.Sc.C. Cambridge University, Member of the College of Physicians, Professor of Hygiene and Chemistry, Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland, Hon. Mem. Societies of Hygiene, Paris, Bordeaux, and Belgium, Laboratory, Royal College of Surgeons, Stephen's-green, W., Dublin, REPORTS, February 15th, 1888:—

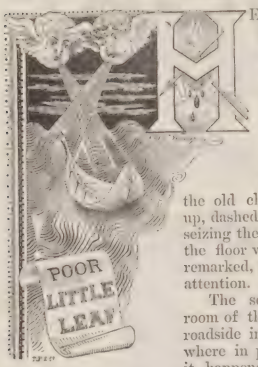
I have carefully analysed specimens of the "SUNLIGHT SOAP" submitted to me for that purpose by Messrs. Lever Brothers, Warrington, and the following are the results at which I have arrived:— * * * * The points in the composition of this Soap that are most valuable are its freedom from free alkali, the large percentage of fatty acids which it contains, and the purity of the materials employed in its preparation. I EMPLOY THE SOAP, and from my actual experience of it can strongly recommend it.

(Signed) CHARLES A. CAMERON.

SPECIAL!

BY "RICHARD HENRY,"

AUTHOR OF THE "MONTE CRISTO JUN." AND "FRANKENSTEIN" BURLESQUES.



HE was not a very formidable-looking old gentleman, but there was a restlessness in his manner and a wildness in his eye which filled me first with astonishment and subsequently with alarm. The latter feeling set in when the old chap suddenly jumped up, dashed at the fireplace, and seizing the poker beat fiercely on the floor with it, in order, as he remarked, to attract the waiter's attention.

The scene was the coffee-room of the Pensive Porpoise, a roadside inn on the way to nowhere in particular, whither, as it happened, I was bound on Shanks his mare, and tired enough I was with my long day's walk. "Hotel" the P.P. called itself on its sign-board; but inn it was, and an out-at-elbows inn at that. The term "coffee room" was, of course, part of the "hotel" cult, though why coffee, goodness only knows—seeing that none was ever drunk there. Still there was plenty of room—for the customers who didn't come. There generally is plenty of room of this sort in these trade-fallen caravanserai—left high and dry (if such an expression may be permitted in connection with such a trade) by the receding tide of traffic diverted on to railways.

I was musing on these things, keeping the while a watchful eye on the poker, when the waiter entered.

"Was that *special* Scotch?" sternly inquired the old gentleman, pointing to his half-emptied glass.

"Special, Sir? Yessir!"

"Indeed! Then bring me the Special Edition of the *Evening Standard*, and mind that it *is* the Special, for I specially want to see what their Special Correspondent says with regard to the forthcoming Special Commission on Specialism. Do you hear, waiter?"

"Hear, Sir? Yessir. But it ain't in, Sir."

"Then it ought to be in! How dare you"——

"Now, looky yere, Mr. Miggle, don't you go a-worriting yourself and making the blood fly to your 'ed. You know wot the doctor's orders is, and why can't you act accordin'? Now, you jest make your mis'rable life 'appy, and I'll try and find you yes'day's Special, if it ain't bin tore up."

"If you're not off within five seconds," said Mr. Miggle, carelessly toying with the poker, which he still held, "it is not unlikely that I may tear *you* up!"

The waiter got "off" with some precipitation.

"Sir," said the old gentleman, suddenly turning to me, "I have been betrayed into warmth. I feel that I owe you an apology."

"Not at all," said I, smiling with the most nonchalant air I could, on such short notice, assume, and at the same time satisfying myself that the tongs were within easy reach. "Not at all!"

"Yes, Sir, I do; and I offer it frankly. With your permission I will also offer some explanation."

I explained that this was really quite unnecessary; but the old man fixed me with his eye and went on:—

"Sir, my name is Miggle, and I was born to easy circumstances. You have doubtless heard of Miggle's Mustard? When I tell you that I am an offspring of that famous firm, need I say more? Nurtured in the lap of luxury, with every want supplied ere it had been felt, with every desire satisfied before it had been expressed, it was but natural that I should soon develop a craving for the Unattainable! I did. Almost before I could walk I was consumed by a passionate longing for Universal Information. Directly I could talk I entered upon its quest. What is more, Sir, *I kept at it!* With certain brief intervals for refreshment and repose I have, as a matter of fact, been at it ever since!"

Here Mr. Miggle paused, either for applause or to take breath. I hastened to remark that his persistence did him infinite honour; and, after absorbing a little whisky-and-water, the old gentleman again proceeded:—

"My earlier researches were not very successful. My endeavours to discover the component parts of the great staple of our house—of, in short, the Mustard which had made our name famous—were to some extent discouraged by my father. To such an extent, indeed, that for some days after the discouragement it was not altogether convenient for me to assume a sitting posture. But my sire meant well. Yes; I am convinced of that. He feared lest I might impart the information to the world. Reflection had convinced him that the consumer would be happier without this knowledge. Knowing as I know now of what our Mustard really consists, I fully endorse the justice of this reasoning. But let that pass."

Here he paused again, but it was only to wipe away a tear. I would have made a dash for the door, but he seemed to divine my purpose, and, grasping his poker firmly, appeared capable of any atrocity. I affected not to notice his appearance. He smiled bitterly, and proceeded:—

"With advancing years and increasing wisdom I early recognised that absolutely Universal Knowledge was, perhaps, *not* altogether easy of attainment even to one so easily circumstanced as myself. I hate fuss, and therefore now restricted my programme to the cultivation of versatility. O M. Angelo! O L. D. Vinci! O B. Cellini! ye were my heroes in those days, ye all-round giants of the past! Knowing myself as well as I did, it was hard to avoid the conviction perpetually borne in upon me that I, Miggle—the heir of all the ages—was an all-round giant too. I didn't avoid it. On the contrary, I burned for opportunities to *prove* my versatility. Ere long they came, and I burnt my fingers also. But I anticipate.

"In my Mustard I had the potentiality of Thingamy beyond the dreams of What'shisname. Some of my friends who (probably with regret) noticed this advised me to take a theatre. I took the advice *and* the theatre. One of my secret ambitions was to write a play. The time arrived, and I was equal to it. If there is one thing in which I excel, it is organisation. I love to give orders—and to leave their execution to others. It is beneath a Miggle to descend to detail. I need only say therefore that I *planned* a play upon a scale never before even dreamt of. My plot, my incidents, my characters being all arranged, it only remained for me to hire some writing person to drop in the words. So I went to a well-known theatrical agent and, handing him my scenario, desired him to procure a man who could be depended upon to write up to my conceptions.

"As may be supposed, he was (to begin with) a bit knocked by the grandeur of my ideas. He besought time to consider them. I gave him twenty-four hours, and when I called again found him with a wet towel tied round his head, his feet in hot water, and my scenario in his hands.!

"'My dear Sir,' said he, 'I have several writing persons on my books just now, but for any one man among them to undertake this work would be sheer madness. We now live, Sir, in an age of Specialism, and it is by the subdivision of labour that we can alone hope to obtain excellence. Take, for instance, your opening scene—The Frozen Water-Mill on Fire. This is distinctly in the vein of Pettitt, and the dropping in of the requisite words could not safely be entrusted to any other hand. For the Missing Will business, however, I must turn on Merritt, whose experience in this department is undeniable. The episode of the Cynical Villain, who breaks a hole in the Pettitt ice in order to drop therein the child, who (unknown to him) has the Merritt will concealed in his chest protector, undoubtedly points to Grundy—more especially the part where the said C. V. derisively compliments the Royal Humane Society's drags for not being in constant readiness. You will, of course, have already surmised that the picture which forms the curtain to this act can be properly arranged only by Augustus Harris. Then, again, look at your second act. For that fanciful light-comedy scene with which you propose to open you must certainly engage Pinero; and with equal certainty Sims must provide the Comic Policeman, to whose truncheon clings a single hair torn from the head of your heroine in the struggle which resulted in your child being borne off to be drowned by Grundy in your Pettitt mill-sluice, all on account of your Merritt will, which was bandied about by the A. Harris grouped characters at the fall of the curtain to Act I. It goes without saying that Gilbert must suppl your sly soubrette who abstracts the circumstantial truncheon from Sims's policeman. Strictly speaking she ought to pass it on to an Irish omadhaun, for the proper development of whom or which it might be worth your while to spring a bit and reimport Boucicault from America. Moreover, this act should, to be effective, end with a procession of Cook's tourists, Swiss hotel-keepers, and Alpine fairies tripping up the Rigi and down a crevasse into which your Grundy villain has thrown the circumstantial truncheon which he has caused to be stolen from the Boucicault Irishman while he was courting the Gilbert soubrette, much to the disgust of the Sims policeman. And for the proper marshalling of this procession there is but one man upon the theatrical earth, and the first letter of his name is Charles Harris. For your idyllic blank-verse scene in the last act, you must, of course, have Wills; but, if you will be advised by me, you will introduce a love-song by J. Tabrar, a Grecian ode by R. Martin, and two dances—one Spanish, the other various—by J. D'Auban. You will, of course, require special music to be specially written for certain special scenes, and for these I would suggest the names of ——'"

As he spoke, the old gentleman became terribly excited, and, thinking to soothe him, I ventured to ask whether he had adopted these startling proposals.

"Adopt 'em?" he shrieked. "*Adopt* 'em? I should think I did adopt 'em. The result of my adoption is that up to now my potentiality of What'shisname has been reduced by exactly one half. But I'm not going to be put down by organised opposition, so I've turned on another lot of specialists for the farcical comedy which I have just constructed. When I say *I've* turned them on, of course I mean that the agent has done it. *I* don't deal with people of this class myself. I've told him to send here if he has anything to say."

At this point the waiter entered, accompanied by a telegram. The old gentleman seized both, and in tremulous accents read as follows:—

"Dramatists selected met this afternoon to compare and join flats. Free fight ensued. Four taken to St. Thomas's. Other pieces now being swept up. Arrangement therefore off"——

"Off!" shrieked the old gentleman.

"Off it is," said I. And I made it so.

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

WEIRD, ghostly echoes of the wintry wind
Moan in the leafless tree,
And weary visitors can scarcely find
The pathway o'er the lea:
But, cheerily, we meet around the hearth
The friends of long ago—
With dance, and song, and happiness, and mirth,
Under the mistletoe.

If with a sigh we think of summer days
Amid the winter gloom,
As we traverse the dark and lonely ways,
Here bright lamps will illume:
And joys of love and friendship charm us still,
And make our glad hearts glow—
We have a spell against the winter chill,
Under the mistletoe.

Pile on the logs! and feed the eager flame!
Letting its ruddy blaze
Flash brightly on some simple, homely game,
While laughter never stays:
What matter that the howling winter blast
Its idle rage may show?
Its murmurs will no gloom around us cast,
Under the mistletoe.

Here will the hoary grandsire gaily tell
Deeds of his manly prime;
And strange adventures which in youth befell,
Haply in some fair clime:
Here let the happy lovers, whispering sweet,
The merrier pranks forego,
And with shy glances and soft accents meet
Under the mistletoe.

And absent ones, by mountains, woods, and lakes,
In regions far away,
Have wafted blessings home for our dear sakes,
On the glad Christmas Day:
If o'er their heads, in distant, cloudless climes,
A tropic sun may glow,
The warmth that fills their hearts is from old times,
Under the mistletoe.

JOSEPH VEREY

ALL HAIL!

THE poet sings in honeyed rhyme,
"It is not always May!"—
The Spring but lasts a little time;
Soon Summer flies away.
But heed not all the poet sings:—
Too oft a fickle guide.
One friend at least the Winter brings.
All hail to Christmastide!

Once more the merry nights we greet
Of pantomimic reign,
And hear the Clown his cry repeat
Of "Here we are again!"
While Harlequin and Pantaloon
And Columbine divide
The honours with our loved buffoon.
All hail to Christmastide!

Ay, let the drear December send
Its frosts, and fogs, and snow.
A dozen months approach their end.
No matter. Let them go.
No matter what hath been the past,
Or what the future hide,
Our years are brightest at their last.
All hail to Christmastide!

HENRY S. LEIGH.

OUR FANCY BALL.

A FANCY BALL! Fling open wide
To-night your hospitable portals,
And so let in the Christmastide
Of mirth and merry-making mortals!
Here 's Sibyl, fairest of the flock,
All snowy fleece and scarlet holly;
And May, in an æsthetic frock,
With our lost Duchess—darling Dolly!

Just look at Master Eric's pose,
A brigand bold with rifle ready;
Whilst Pip, a page in trunks and hose,
Shows he is anything but steady:
Come, hand the tea and cakes, my boy!
For feast our little crew has clamoured;
No—Phyllis is Pip's only joy,
With her own pretty face enamoured.

Away they go! quadrille to valse,
Now round, now down and up the middle:
Nor dream that friends are ever false.
The world less hollow than a fiddle.
Well, bless them all! With such a cast
The play of life each child rehearses:
Please God, they 'll find that love can last,
And Time's swift dance has no reverses!

CLEMENT SCOTT.

CADBURY'S COCOA

"Is Absolutely Pure."

CADBURY'S COCOA is closely allied to milk in the large proportion of flesh-forming and strength-sustaining elements that it contains. It is prepared on the principle of excluding the superabundance of fatty indigestible matter with which cocoa abounds—supplying a refined thin infusion of absolutely pure cocoa, exhilarating and refreshing, for Breakfast, Luncheon, Tea, or Supper—giving staying power and imparting new life and vigour to growing children, and those of delicate constitutions.

A Few of the many Good Reasons why CADBURY'S COCOA enjoys such World-wide Popularity.

It is guaranteed to be Pure Cocoa.
It is made instantly with Boiling Milk or Water.
It is not reduced in value by the addition of Starch, Sugar, &c.
It is specially rich in flesh-forming and strength-sustaining principles.
It contains all the delicious aroma of the Natural Article, without the excessive proportions of fat.
It is delicious, nutritious, digestible, comforting, and a refined beverage, suitable for all seasons of the year.
It is a gentle stimulant, and sustains against hunger and bodily fatigue.
In the whole process of manufacturing Cadbury's Pure Cocoa, the automatic machinery employed obviates the necessity for its being once touched by the human hand.

BROWN'S BRON

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SOLD BY

ADVICE T

Are you broken in your rest by a
Teeth? If so, go at once to the Cher
SOOTHING SYRUP. It will give the li
harmless, and produces a Natural quiet
the little cherub awakes as "bright as

It is very pleasant to take; it so
regulates the bowels, and is the best-kno
whether arising from teething or other ca

A single trial never yet failed to

IT IS

that one-fourth of the childre
the teething period is the mo
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perfectly safe in all cases, an
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Prevents the Hair from falling off.
Restores Grey or White Hair to its ORIGINAL COLOUR.
Being delicately perfumed, it leaves no unpleasant odour.
Is NOT a dye, and, therefore, does not stain the skin, or
white linen.
Should be in every house where a HAIR RENEWER
needed.

OF ALL CHEMISTS AND HAIRDRESSERS, PRICE 3s

NOTICE.

THE MEXICAN HAIR RENEWER may now be obtained in New
ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG CO., 217, FULTON STREET; and all